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The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1857, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-eighth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions. The oldest printed in the English language. It has long been a weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting news, local, state, and general news, well selected, intelligently and valuably furnished, and household departments. Reading is made pleasant by its style and other articles. The limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies may always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Reprinters' copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Local Matters.

The Mercury Almanac.

The MERCURY ALMANAC for 1916 will be delivered to local subscribers to the MERCURY by the carriers on Saturday next, January 1st, in the form of their New Years Greeting. As the boys have been generally faithful to their duties during the past year, it is hoped that their customers will remember them generously.

The intrinsic value of the MERCURY ALMANAC is by no means small. We think it the best one that has ever been issued and that is really saying a good deal. The cover design is in two shades of brown, and the central design shows a view of the historic old frigate Constitution, the oldest vessel in the United States Navy.

The illustrations opposite the calendar pages are all new, being made especially for this Almanac. They include views of many of the finest of Newport's summer residences as well as street scenes and other pictures. There are also several views of some of the scenic spots in the White Mountains, familiar to hundreds of Newporters, which add considerably to the beauty of the book. All the almanac calculations are made for the latitude and longitude of Newport, and the tide tables are computed for high water at permanent wharf, Fort Adams. The weather predictions form a feature of the book which many have come to regard as indispensable, their remarkable accuracy having attracted much attention. The important events of fifty years ago make interesting reading.

Every particle of work on the Almanac is done in Newport, all the composition and presswork being done at the MERCURY Office and the binding at Hicken's Bindery. Until about five years ago, it was the custom of the publishers to buy the Almanac sheets out of town, but they failed to come up to the high standard that we demanded, so since that time the entire book has been printed at home.

The Almanac has been liberally patronized by advertisers this year, and the publishers can conscientiously recommend every business man represented therein.

The business men of the center of the city were considerably incensed last Saturday evening, when their electric lights went out at the supper hour. A feed wire, that supplied a large section of the center of the city, burned off the pole near the foot of Howard street, and when it fell there was instant darkness in the business section. A few of the large stores were supplied by an underground circuit and these did not suffer, but the others were in a very serious predicament. Those that had a gas supply were lucky, and the others hunted up candles and lamps as quickly as possible. The lights were out for nearly two hours, the accident happening a little before 6.00.

A strong effort is to be made to secure an appropriation for a new Court House for the city of Newport at the coming session of the Legislature. The present building is not suited to the purpose for which it is used, and the need of a new one has been emphasized for some time. In case a suitable appropriation is made, the historic old structure will not be disturbed but will be preserved for many purposes. Some landowners in the vicinity of the present Court House are considerably interested in the prospect as they think the State might desire to purchase their property for the new building.

The Newport Board of Trade is making arrangements for a public address in this city some time during the winter by Mr. James L. Tryon, New England Secretary of the American Peace Society. Steps are also being taken by the board to see if suitable legislation can be provided to prevent the erection of "three deck" tenements in this city.

Campaign for City Officers.

One week from next Monday will occur the annual inauguration of the new city government and in the evening the election of various city officers will take place. As the date approaches all the aspirants are showing renewed activity in their canvass for votes, and the members of the representative council are being circled profusely. Both present incumbents and their would-be successors are aware of the necessity of the occasion, and many of them are doing some lively hustling. In some cases the present office holders who have filled the positions with satisfaction for many years are content to rest on their records, with a simple notification that they are in the field, but some others feel that this is not sufficient and are stirring around among the members of the council to do some personal work.

Three offices are at present the storm center of the disturbance, and the result in one case may affect the other two. Some of the candidates for street commissioner, chief engineer of the fire department and member of the license commission are "playing both ends against the middle," and there is some belief that an arrangement may be fixed up to exchange votes for one side in return for a like courtesy when another office comes up. Some of the candidates have a strong personal following that would make possible the exchange of a goodly number of votes, so that the reciprocity might be of value to some of those participating. However, inasmuch as the present charter was adopted for the purpose of preventing all trading of this nature, of course it will not be done. No, of course not. Naughty, naughty.

The announcement that there was likely to be a contest for the office of chief engineer of the fire department came as somewhat of a surprise in some quarters, where it was thought that Chief Kirwin would be re-elected without opposition. Efforts are now being made to quell the opposition, and whether or not they will be successful remains to be seen. The matter of fire department re-organization enters largely into the contest, and some of the men who were active in changing over the fire department are now desirous of making a change in the head of the department. Chief Kirwin is a good fighter and it is possible that he may be able to stem the tide. However, the fact that his retirement might give opportunity for several promotions in the under offices is a factor in the battle.

Taken altogether, it is probable that the interest and the attendance of members and spectators at the first meeting of the representative council will not be less than it has been in some previous years.

The most important offices to be filled, the salaries and the present incumbents are as follows:

City Clerk—F. N. Fullerton, \$2500.
City Treasurer—John M. Taylor, \$2000.
City Solicitor—Jeremiah A. Sullivan, \$1500.
Street Commissioner—William Hamilton (not a candidate for re-election), \$1500.
Judge of Probate—Mortimer A. Sullivan, \$1000.
Probate Clerk—Duncan A. Hazard, \$1500.
Collector of Taxes—Edward W. Higbee, \$1800.
City Engineer—Roland J. Easton, \$1000.
Inspector of Buildings—Mortimer D. Sullivan, \$1200.
Chairman of Tax Assessors—John E. O'Neill, \$1800.
City Physician—Francis A. Keenan, \$1500.
Inspector of Plumbing—Joseph P. Carney, \$1200.
Inspector of Nuisances—George C. Shaw, \$900.
Chief Engineer of Fire Department (4 years)—Andrew J. Kirwin, \$1800.
Member of License Commission (3 years)—William H. Tobin, \$200.
Member of Returning Board (3 years)—George M. Battene, \$50.
Member of Board of Health (5 years)—Rufus E. Darrah, M. D.

The one hundredth birthday of Miss Sally Swan was quietly observed at her home on Division street on Tuesday, but in spite of this unusual anniversary, there was little deviation from the quiet and well regulated routine of her life. Many friends would have liked to have made a marked demonstration in her honor, but it was not deemed advisable, so only a few friends were received in a very quiet manner. Miss Swan is the oldest person in Newport, and in spite of her great age she is still enjoying excellent health.

Mrs. Alice R. Spooner, widow of Henry D. Spooner, formerly of this city, died quite suddenly on Monday at her home in Philadelphia where she has resided of late. She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. George R. Plumer, and a son, Mr. Philip B. Spooner.

Michael P. Curran fell from the roof of his house on Golden Hill street on Thursday afternoon and was rushed to the hospital in the motor patrol for quick treatment. There it was found that his injuries were less severe than had been feared.

Board of Aldermen.

There was a special meeting of the board of aldermen on Tuesday evening for the purpose of cleaning up the bills against the city for the year, and also to approve the weekly payrolls so that the city employees could obtain their money before Christmas. Considerable other business was transacted. Bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Board of Health	\$1,001.82
City auditor	1,044.12
Fire department	7,462.22
Public sanitation	1,229.13
Highways and bridges	207.34
Docks and wharves	11.92
Public recreation	16.96
Not-appropriated	41.81
Poor department	232.21
Police department	227.35
Public parks	149.75
Public schools	5,142.70
Agassiz bequest	81.81
Ellen Torrance fund	61.00
Mayor's office	2.50
Council and aldermen	50.11
City clerk	12.87
City treasurer	37.21
Tax assessors	16.10
Tax collector	63.68
City solicitor	1.00
Probate clerk	4.00
Inspector of buildings	23.25
Inspector of plumbing	1.01
Inspector of nuisances	8.00
City land agent	49.12
Lighting streets	8,214.01
Courts	11.10
Advertising	6.12
City land agent	49.12
Tuberculosis relief	166.66
Ambulance	51.17
Carriage hire	1.00
Fire department reorganization	38.45
Preservation of records	88.00
Dog food	34.00
Touro Synagogue fund	144.52
Public utilities	40.00
Prison and reformatory	157.90
Miscellaneous charities	60.00
City land agent	2.00
Burial ground funds	91.60
Public recreation	16.96

A petition for a curb on Gardiner street was referred to the representative council. A protest against using the David land in the north western section of the city for a dumping ground was received from the Common Sense Gum Company and also from Apostolos B. Cascanbas, as it was claimed that it would be a great nuisance to the neighborhood. Sunday selling licenses were granted to a large number of applicants, as the special licenses issued some weeks ago, when the Chief of Police suddenly put the lid on, will expire on the last day of the year. Considerable routine business was transacted.

Two Fire Alarms.

The tar vats in use at the new John Clarke school on Mary street boiled over again Tuesday noon, pouring forth vast quantities of black smoke which hung over the center of the city and caused many to think that a big conflagration was in progress. The burning tar ran down hill toward neighboring houses, and the conditions looked so bad that a box alarm was sounded from Box 34 at Mary and Spring streets. Pumper 4 from the Equality Park station got into action very quickly, but several of the pieces of apparatus that came through Thames street were blocked at the foot of Mary street by the stalling of the first piece of apparatus and when they got straightened out the fire was out. The men at the building had practically extinguished the fire by the use of sand and dirt before the apparatus arrived.

There was another alarm of fire Tuesday evening, box 23 being struck about 10.30 for a fire in a stable on Edward street occupied by Sperling Brothers, Harry and Joseph. The fire was in a dangerous locality and was burning fiercely when the department arrived, but a few streams of water soon quenched the flames. The contents of the building were badly damaged by fire, smoke and water.

Hon. Champ Clark, Speaker of the National House of Representatives, came to Newport on Sunday last and delivered an address at the Colonial Theatre under the auspices of Land's End Lodge, No. 1040, Loyal Order of Moose. There was not a very large number of Newporters who were anxious to put up the price of a ticket for the sake of hearing him, but those who attended found him to be an interesting speaker. Speaker Clark was entertained at dinner at the Perry House by Postmaster John B. Sullivan.

Plans have been drawn and accepted for remodeling the Masonic building on Church street, corner School, so that it will be more convenient for the various bodies that meet there, and also make a more modern building of it. The building is now the property of the Masons of Newport, St. Paul's Lodge being joint owners with St. John's.

The leather helmets for the members of the Newport fire department have arrived and have been placed in position on the apparatus ready for use. There are helmets for both the permanent and call men, and all are required to wear them when responding to an alarm. Those for the officers have distinctive markings.

Mr. and Mrs. Harwood E. Read, Jr., of Washington, are spending Christmas with relatives in this city. Mrs. Harwood E. Read, Sr., is visiting her brother, Mr. William H. Lee.

Superior Court.

The December session of the Superior Court came to a close this week, and adjournment has been taken to meet according to law. There have been two long jury trials this week, one of them being a case for breach of promise of marriage, which is an unusual proceeding in this vicinity as to arouse considerable interest. A naval man was the defendant, giving his age as sixty-seven years.

On Monday Giustu Cippolani was present to take sentence on a charge of assault with a dangerous weapon and was given three months in the Providence County Jail with costs.

The case of William H. Boyd vs. Louis L. Lorillard was then put on, James W. Coombs of Little Compton being foreman of the jury. This was an action to recover wages. Plaintiff claimed that he worked for defendant as general man having the care of his boats, and that it was agreed that when the boat was laid up, he should hold himself subject to defendant's orders and should receive half-pay. In consequence he had refused offers of employment that would take him away from the neighborhood where the boat was laid up. He claimed wages from September, 1912, the date when he had last been paid. Last summer Mr. Lorillard put another man in charge of the boat.

For the defense, it was claimed that plaintiff had been discharged from the employ of the defendant, and that the custody of the boat had been turned over to Williams & Manchester while it was laid up. Defendant admitted that he owed Boyd something, but said that he had not received a bill and did not know how much it was. The case went to the jury Tuesday morning, and after a half-hour's deliberation, the court returned a verdict for the plaintiff for the full amount asked with interest, amounting in all to \$1,619.65.

The next case was Oral L. Melander vs. William H. Scholls, an action for breach of promise of marriage. This was heard by a jury of which Daniel U. Boone of Newport was the foreman. The plaintiff is a trained nurse, who admitted the age of thirty-five years after some hesitation, and the defendant is a petty officer of the navy, on duty at the Government Landing, who gave his age on the witness stand as sixty-seven years.

The plaintiff claimed that she came to Newport last summer and met defendant at the Government Landing where she had gone to seek a relative of a friend of hers. She claimed that he represented himself to be unmarried and made love to her and that she expected to be married to him, a friend having offered in his presence to lend her parlor for the marriage ceremony. For the defense it was claimed that he had never offered to marry the plaintiff, although he admitted his friendship with her. He admitted telling her that a picture of his wife that he carried in his watch was that of a sister.

The case went to the jury Thursday noon, after long pleas by counsel and a clear charge by the court. The jury was out for five hours and for a time it was thought that the trial would result in a disagreement, but shortly before five o'clock they sent word that they had agreed upon a verdict. When they entered the court room they reported a verdict for plaintiff for \$250. The court then adjourned to meet according to law.

St. John's Lodge Election.

The annual communication of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., was held on Monday evening with a large attendance. District Deputy Grand Master James C. Collins presided over the election and installed the new officers, as follows:

Worshipful Master—John H. Brierley.
Senior Warden—J. Irving Shepley.
Junior Warden—Herbert W. Smith.
Treasurer—Robert W. Curry.
Secretary—George H. Kelley.
Chaplain—Fraw B. Garnett.
Senior Deacon—Henry A. Curtis.
Junior Deacon—Gardner B. Reynolds.
Senior Steward—Rexford A. Nash.
Junior Steward—Arthur Dixon.
Sentinel—Jere Duggan.
Tyler—Allen C. Griffith.

Following the installation, the retiring Master, Karl Bostel, was presented with a handsome Past Master's jewel by Past Master Robert W. Curry in behalf of the Lodge.

The boys of the Rogers High School battalion are happy, for their rifles have gone into commission at last. While the guns arrived last week, it was not possible to use them immediately, as they had to be thoroughly cleaned and assembled before being ready for use. This was no small job, but was accomplished by the two janitors of the building, who succeeded by dint of much overtime work in having enough rifles ready to supply the boys for the Wednesday drill. The battalion is now being drilled in the manual of arms, and later will have an opportunity for rifle practice on the range at the Training Station.

Christmas.

To day, Saturday, will be Christmas, the greatest Christian holiday of the year, and one that has been looked forward to eagerly for many months by thousands of children—and others. It seems likely that many hearts will be gladdened in Newport for the stores all report a good Christmas trade, with few stormy days to interfere.

The day will be observed as a general holiday in this city, and there will be few places of business open on that day. The usual services will be held in the churches, with special Christmas music by the church choirs, in many cases augmented for the occasion. Next week will occur the Christmas festivals for the children of the various churches, and in several instances preparations are being made for rather notable entertainments.

A new feature of the observance in Newport will be a community Christmas tree on Washington square. The great evergreen tree, forty feet high was placed in position in front of the Sheffield residence some days ago, and has now been adorned with electric lights and other decorations. The committee in charge of the affair had arranged an interesting programme for Friday evening, Christmas eve, and in event of good weather expected a large crowd to be in attendance. The programme as laid out, was as follows:

6.30 to 7 P. M.—Salutation, Christmas carols played on Trinity chimes by Julian N. Johnson.

7 P. M.—Orchestra selections, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," by McCloskey's orchestra. Signal for lighting the tree.

Christmas songs by public school children, 700 voices under the direction Miss Marguerite Ferrin, assistant supervisor of music, public schools.

7.30 to 8 P. M.—Christmas selections by McCloskey's orchestra.

8 P. M.—Adult chorus of 30 voices under the direction of Mr. Victor Baxter, choirmaster, Channing Memorial church, assisted by Ray Goff's orchestra.

It is planned to have the tree lighted every evening during the coming week, until New Year's Day.

Another feature of the day that is of great interest to a number of people is the observance by Washington Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templars. The Sir Knights of this Commandery, with their ladies, will assemble in the Asylum at 11.30, and a pleasing programme of music and toasts will be conducted. Eminent Commander Karl Bostel will preside. The exercises will be opened by devotions led by Sir Knight Arthur B. Commerford, prolate. The toasts and responses will be as follows: To our Most Eminent Grand Master, response by Eminent Sir Robert S. Burlingame; To our Right Eminent Grand Commander, response by Eminent Sir Robert S. Frame; To our absent Fraters, response by Sir Knight William R. Harvey; To our Sister Commanderies, response by Sir Knight William MacLeod; To our Ladies, response by Eminent Sir Clark Burdick. The toasts will be interspersed with music by Miss Elaine S. Meikle, soprano, Mrs. Frank S. Hale, alto, Mr. J. Fred Harry, tenor, with Miss Marion G. Dowling, accompanist. The Newport Banjo Band will furnish music before the ceremonies.

Training Station Fire.

There was a spectacular fire at the Naval Training Station early Friday morning, which made a brilliant show from the northern part of the city. Shortly before 4 o'clock Friday morning, one of the apprentice guards discovered fire in the old Hospital building, now used for the department of the Y. M. C. A. He gave the alarm immediately and the station fire department turned out in force, but it was too late to save the building or contents. The fire was blazing fiercely, and the fire fighting force devoted their attention to saving surrounding property which was in great danger. A huge blanket of water was thrown up to prevent the spread of the blaze, but it was about two hours before the recall was sounded.

The estimated loss is in the neighborhood of \$2500. No cause has been assigned for the fire.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Jones have instituted suit against the city for damages for injuries to Mrs. Jones, alleged to have been caused by a fall on a defective sidewalk on Spring street last summer. Mrs. Jones asks \$4000 for her injuries, and Mr. Jones asks a like amount for the loss of his wife's services. The claim was heard before a committee of the board of aldermen a few weeks ago, and the board later gave petitioners leave to withdraw.

The handsome young spruce trees which ornament the extensive grounds at Cloyne House School did not go to serve as Christmas trees this year, as so many of them have in the past. A close watch was kept over the grounds this year to prevent depredations by those who wished to procure their trees without expense.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

COURT OF PROBATE. The regular session of the Court of Probate was held at the Town Hall, on Monday, December 20, all the members being present.

The following estates were passed upon.

Estate of Isaac Barker. The fifth account of Abiel F. Davis, Administrator de bonis non, with will annexed, was examined, allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of Laura A. Barker. The fifth account of Abiel F. Davis, guardian, was verified and ordered recorded.

Estate of Thomas Coggeshall. The second account of J. Alton Barker, Conservator, was examined, allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of Ernest Weston. An inventory was presented by Albert L. Chase of Newport, the Administrator, received and passed for record.

Estate of Ruth M. Anthony. An appeal having been taken by William J. Barker, and others, from the decree proving her will to the Superior Court, and at the December Term of the Superior Court, the appeal having been discontinued, on motion of the appellants, notice thereof was certified to the Probate Court, by the Clerk of the Superior Court, with a copy of the order of Court thereon. This copy was presented and read to the Probate Court on Monday, and then received and ordered filed and recorded.

Estate of George R. Chase. Will was proved and ordered recorded, and letters testamentary directed to issue to petitioner, as sole Executor, upon his giving bond in the sum of \$6000.00, without surety.

Joshua Coggeshall was appointed Appraiser.

IN TOWN COUNCIL. Albert Lewis having made a contribution for the purchase of crushed stone to extend the work of improving Second and First Beach avenue, a vote was passed, thanking Mr. Lewis for his gift. There having been considerable discussion, principally in the columns of the Newport Daily News, as to the disposition of the town in remunerating the City of Newport, for sending its Fire apparatus into Middletown, on some occasions, to assist in the extinguishment of fires, some members of the Council thought it advisable to arrange with the Board of Aldermen, if possible, for rendering service, when feasible by the Fire Department of Newport, in extinguishing fires in Middletown and also the compensation to be paid the City of Newport for such service. At the outset, it was recognized that the absence of any hydrants or supply of water made it well nigh impossible, to render any efficient service, by any Fire Apparatus. In recent years, the DeBolsa barn, Morrison House and Barker Cottage had all burned to the ground, with the Newport steamers on the ground, for lack of water. The insinuation, made in the Daily News, that the aid received from Newport was not appreciated, and that Middletown was unwilling to pay for the aid was thoroughly repudiated. On different occasions, the assistance received from Newport had been recognized by vote of the Council. No statement or account of expense incurred or service rendered had been received from the City, and the Town Council, as constituted by law, could not make donations of the taxpayers' money, but only pay lawful charges and expenses, upon due presentation and proof. It was decided to appoint Councilmen Joseph E. Kline and Robert W. Smith a committee to confer with the Board of Aldermen of Newport, in reference to the matter of fire extinguishment.

The Town Sergeant was directed to retain John C. Burke of Newport, as Counsel, to represent the town and attend to prosecution of violations of the ordinance prescribing rules and regulations for the operation of cars on electric railways within the highways of Middletown.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury.

For highway construction William H. Sisson for work in Oliphant Lane and in District Number 1 \$1290.18; Walter S. Barker, ordinary repairs in District Number 2 \$105.35; Julian F. Peckham, work on Paradise avenue \$180.62; Julian F. Peckham, cleaning gutters in Green End avenue and Paradise avenue \$78.94; Joseph A. Peckham, ordinary repairs in District Number 4 \$92.50; Peckham Brothers' Company for crushed stone applied in Paradise avenue \$111.74; use of Steam Roller \$108.33; William Mulligan for a strip of land at the junction of Prospect avenue with Aquidneck avenue \$50.00; William K. Covell, stove pipe furnished and cleaning stove in office of Town Clerk \$6.92; Arthur A. Brigham, services as Janitor at Town Hall \$6.50; Jeannette Goffe, clerical assistance in office of Town Clerk for five weeks \$50.00; James A. Taber, repairs on road machines \$9.33; Percy T. Bailey for wire \$2.00; John Baker, Jr., for 201 gallons of road binder \$15.33; Accounts for the relief of the Poor \$36.00; Thomas G. Ward, for bounty due for killing seventy-five skunks \$37.50.

The marriage of Miss Marion Haire, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Haire, and Mr. Thomas B. Boatwright of Alabama took place at the residence of the bride's mother on Division street on Thursday evening, in the presence of a small gathering of relatives and friends. Rev. Nathaniel J. Sproul performed the ceremony. Miss Elizabeth Haire, sister of the bride, was the bridesmaid, and Dr. Rufus E. Darrah was the best man. Mr. and Mrs. Boatwright will make their home in Birmingham, Alabama.

The exterior of the John Clarke school on Mary street is pretty well completed. The stone steps for the front entrance have been set this week, and although it is quite a steep flight it is not as bad as some other schools. Work on the interior of the building is being pushed rapidly.

BLACK JAKIE'S CHRISTMAS

Charles Arthur Leslie

THE soft, fleecy snow, floating down straight from the heavens, melted as quickly as it struck the sidewalks and turned into mud under the hurrying feet of the thousands of late Christmas shoppers.

Black Jakie stood in the shelter afforded by the elevated road pillar, his threadbare raincoat drawn tightly about him, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, as he gaily tapped first one foot and then the other on the wet pavement. Not that Jakie was cold, but his shoes had worn quite thin, and the dirty, brown slush had sought out all the little cracks through which it might seep and find a comfortable haven.

"S going to be a lean Christmas for me," Jakie sighed reflectively to the gleaming lights of Broadway. "Awful lean."

In his pocket he jingled his one lone quarter against the key of his cheap Sixth avenue room and smiled as he thought of the days when he had jingled gold coins. In those days the racing game had been good, and Jakie was one of the best-known bookies at Sheephead. Then he had been affluent. He had dressed in the height of ultra-fashion and radiated with that ready-money look.

The dying out of the racing sport and too frequent trips to the bar had left Jakie stranded, without a friend in the world.

Silently and moodily Jakie reflected on his hard lot. His chin, with its two-day growth of heavy black beard, that same heavy beard which had at



Yes, It Must Be She.

ways shone through his pallid skin and had earned for him his cognomen of Black Jakie, trembled a little, and the thin, blue lips pulsated with low-muttered maledictions heaped upon the world in general. The sporting element soon forgets old pals down on their luck, he reflected.

Nervously scanning the faces of shoppers emerging from the doorway of a department store, Jakie's face lighted up as he saw a petite figure laden with many bundles start across the sidewalk. Marie Lecourt! Yes, it must be she. Marie, the prettiest girl in the Folies chorus. Should he speak to her? Perhaps she would have at least a kind word for the fellow who had bought her many dinners at swell cafes and had lavished his money on her when he had it. Instinctively he started forward, his hand on his ancient velour hat, the one relic of palmy days.

But almost as he started he checked himself. No, it would be better not to speak to Marie, for she, like all the rest of the old crowd, would turn him down, would refuse to speak to a bum.

He stepped back to the shelter of the elevated pillar just as Marie turned to cross the street. Her bright eyes twinkling with good cheer, she came up quite close to Jakie. Suddenly a flash of recognition crossed her countenance and she almost dropped her packages as she rushed forward.

"Jakie," she cried, "is it really you? Where have you been? What are you doing here and where are you going?"

Before Jakie could think of an answer to the questions which called for a recital of almost his entire life's history, she went on:

"For goodness' sake, Jakie, you look a sight! What's the idea of all this poor-folks make-up? Is it a stall or are you really forced to wear them?"

"Forced is right," replied Jakie. "I'm broke. I saw you as you came out of the store, but I didn't know whether you would want to speak to me or not."

"Silly," laughed Marie. "Want to speak to my old pal? Of course I do. And now that I have seen you we are going to have a good, old-fashioned chat, but we can't stand here in this wet and talk. I am living with my married sister now and just came downtown for a few things to hang on

the kiddies' tree. Come on up and help us fix the things."

Jakie thanked her, but remonstrated that his attire was scarcely suitable for an evening call. Marie insisted that his clothes made no difference to her and that her sister would surely think the same. Anyway, no matter what her sister might think, Jakie was her friend, and that settled it.

They walked to Fourth avenue and took the subway to Harlem. Jakie insisting on spending ten cents of his precious quarter for the carfare, although Marie had tried to shove a dime into his hand.

On the way up Jakie told his story, laying the blame on hard luck and the state officials who had put racing on the bum.

Marie listened with quiet attention, nodding her head here and there and interjecting a question now and then as the ex-bookie seemed about to drift away from his story.

Jakie was introduced to Maude and John, her husband. They were either too busy decorating a tiny Christmas tree on a stand in the corner of the room or else they didn't care, for neither evinced disapproval of Jakie.

He was made to feel at home in the little family circle, and entered with keen enjoyment the work of trimming the tree and arranging the presents for the two children fast asleep in the next room.

The final arrangement completed, Maude and her husband took a last peek at the sleeping kiddies and called Jakie to see them.

As the little group stood in the doorway Jakie noticed that John put his arm about Maude's waist and that the light in Maude's eyes shone with peculiar brilliance as she smuggled closer. It was a picture of domestic love and felicity and it touched Jakie deeply.

John and Maude having retired for the night, Jakie and Marie were left alone in the parlor.

Seated before the fireplace, where the gas log was throwing forth a cheery heat, Jakie asked Marie about herself.

She had left the chorus and all her former gay companions and was now employed in a millinery establishment.

"What's the matter with the show game?" asked Jakie. "Too fast for you?"

"Yes, Jakie. Somehow or other I couldn't let myself drift like the others had, and when I came up here to live with Maude and John and the kids, well, they didn't think it was the best thing for the kids to have their aunt in the chorus. Not that they objected to the chorus part of it, but then there are so many other things that go with it. The gay company, the loose way of living and things of that sort."

"So you cut it out for the sake of the kids?"

"Yes, for the kids and for my own sake. I was becoming tired of the life, and the home life here seemed to touch something in me and make me want to live right. There is nothing in that fast life, Jakie; the right way is the only way. You may prosper for a time on the wrong road, but sooner or later you come to grief."

Yes, she was right. Jakie knew. The wrong way had dragged him down. Drink and loose companions had brought him to his present level.

For a long time he sat and gazed at the fire. When next he spoke there was a tenderness in his voice such as had never been there before.

"Say, Marie," he said, "do you think you could help me get on the right track, the honest road? I want to try. I see how happy you are and what a change it has made in you. I am going to try."

Tenderly she put her hand on his arm. "I am glad that you will try. You know I always liked you, Jakie. Somehow you were different from the rest of the old crowd, for you were always a gentleman in your manner. You would never stand for the real rough stuff."

"That's the kindest thing I have heard for two years," said Jakie slowly, as he patted the small hand that still lay on his arm.

Suddenly he stiffened in his chair as a thought seized him.

"Marie," he asked tenderly, "is there any fellow, right now, that you think a lot of? You know the way I mean."

"No, Jakie, not now," she answered slowly, as she understood why he asked. Then she added, "but there might be it—"

"If he were a right-living sort of fellow?" broke in Jakie.

"Yes."

The clock on the mantelpiece struck twelve.

"Gee, it's Christmas morning," sighed Jakie.

"Yes, Christmas," breathed Marie softly.

"Could you—do you think, will you wait until—well, until I can get on the right track?"

She nodded her head in silence. Jakie put his arm around her waist and drew her head to his shoulder.

"You do care, Marie?" he whispered. Again she nodded and then turned her lips to his.

"My Christmas present," said Jakie softly, "the best little girl in the world."

"And mine," added Marie, "is the man that is to be."

Unexpected.

BUT—Did you ever try to stand on an egg?

JIM—Oh, yes.

"And what did you learn?"

"That the inside of the egg was stronger than the outside."—Philadelphia Record.

Psychology.

Psychology is the science of explaining why the time between weekly pay days seems longer than the period from one monthly gas bill to the next. —Toledo Blade.

Worse Still.

"I have a wife who is like a bird that can sing and won't."

"You're lucky. Mine can't sing and will."—Baltimore American.

WHY THE CHIMES RANG

By Raymond M. Alden

HERE was once in a far away country, where few people have ever traveled, a wonderful church. It stood on a high hill in the midst of a great city, and every Sunday, and on sacred days like Christmas, thousands of people climbed the hill to the church.

When you came to the building itself you found stone columns and dark passageways and a grand entrance leading to the main room of the church. This room was so long that one standing at the doorway could scarcely see the other end, where the choir and the minister sat near the marble altar. At the farthest corner was the organ, which was so loud that when it began to play the people far off could hear it.

The strangest thing about the whole building was the wonderful chime of bells. There stood at one corner of the church a gray stone tower with ivy growing over it as far as one could see. It was so high that it was only in very fair weather that anyone claimed to see the top. Up and up climbed the stones, and since the men who built the church had been dead for many hundreds of years, everyone had forgotten how high the tower was supposed to be.

Now, all the wise people knew that at the top of the tower was a chime of Christmas bells. They had hung there ever since the church was finished and were the most beautiful bells in the world. Some thought it was because a great musician had cast them and arranged them in their place, and others said it was because of the great height of the tower, reaching up to where the air was clear and pure; however this may be, no one who had heard the chimes denied that they were the sweetest in the world. Some

described them like angels sounding far up in the sky.

But the fact was that no one had heard them ring for years and years. There was an old man living not far from the church who said that his mother had spoken of hearing them when she was a little girl, and he was the only one who could say as much as that. They were Christmas chimes, you remember, and were not meant to be played by men or on common occasions.

On Christmas eve all of the people in the city brought their offerings to the church to offer to the Christ child and when the greatest and best offering was laid on the altar, there would come sounding through the music of the choir the voices of the Christmas chimes far up in the tower. Some said the wind rang them and others that they were so high angels would set them swinging. But for many long years, as was said before, they had never been heard. The minister said that people had been growing less careful of their gifts for the Christ child, or gave them rather to make a display for their own honor than for love of him, so that no offering was brought good enough to deserve the music of the chimes. Still, every Christmas eve, the rich people of the city crowded to the altar, each one trying to give some better gift than anyone else, and the church was filled with those who thought that perhaps the wonderful bells would ring again.

But, although the music was sweet and the offerings were plenty, only the roar of the wind could be heard far up in the old stone tower.

Now, a number of miles from the city, in a little village where nothing could be seen of the great church, save glimpses of the tower when the weather was fine, lived a boy named Pedro, and his little brother.

They knew very little about the Christmas chimes, they had heard of the service in the church on Christmas eve and had a secret plan that they had often talked over when by themselves for going to the beautiful celebration.

"Nobody can guess, Little Brother,"

Pedro would say, "all the fine things there are to see and hear in the church, and I have even heard it said that the Christ child himself sometimes comes down to bless the meeting. What if we could see him?"

The day before Christmas it was bitterly cold and a few lonesome snow flakes were flying in the air and there was a hard white crust on the ground.

Sure enough, Pedro and Little Brother were able to slip quietly away early in the afternoon on their way to the celebration; and although the walking was hard in the frosty air, before daylight they had trudged so far, hand in hand, that they saw the lights of the big city just ahead of them. Induced they were about to enter one of the great gates in the wall that surrounded it, when they saw something dark on the snow near the path, and stopped aside to look at it.

It was a poor woman who had fallen just outside of the city, too sick and tired and cold to get in where she might have found shelter. The snow made a soft pillow for her and she would soon be so sound asleep in the winter air that no one could ever awaken her again. All this Pedro saw in a moment, and he knelt down beside her and tried to rouse her. He turned her face toward him, so that he could rub some snow on it, but he soon sighed and said:

"It's no use, Little Brother, you will have to go on alone."

"Alone?" cried Little Brother, "and you will not see the Christmas festival?"

"No," said Pedro, and he could not help a little choking sound of disappointment in his throat. "See this poor woman, she will freeze to death if nobody cares for her. You can bring someone to help her when you come back, and I can keep her alive. You can easily find your way to the church, and you must see and hear everything twice, Little Brother, once for you and once for me. I am sure the Christ child must know how I would love to come and worship him, and, oh, if you get a chance, Little Brother, slip up to the altar without getting in anyone's way, and take this little silver piece of mine and lay it down for my offering when no one is looking. Don't forget the place where you left me, and hurry, now, so you won't be late."

He winked hard to keep back the tears as he heard the crunching footsteps of Little Brother sounding farther and farther away in the darkness.

It was also hard to lose the music and the splendor of the celebration that he had planned so long, to lose the chance of offering his silver piece that he had saved for the offering to the Christ child, and to spend the time instead in the lonesome snow outside the dreary walls. But it never occurred to him to leave the poor woman in the freezing cold.

The great church was truly a wonderful place that night. Every one said that it had never looked so bright and beautiful before. When the organ played and the thousands of people sang the hymns, the walls shook with the sound, and Little Pedro, outside the walls of the city, felt the earth tremble all around him. At last came the procession to bear the offerings to the altar, when great and rich men and women marched up to lay down their gifts to the Christ child. Some brought wonderful jewels, some baskets of gold so heavy that they could scarcely carry them down the aisle. A great writer laid down a book that he had been making for years, and last of all walked the king of the country, hoping to win for himself the chimes of the Christmas bells.

There was a great murmur through the church as the people saw the king take from his head the royal crown, all set with diamonds and other precious stones, and laid it gleaming on the altar as his offering to the Holy child.

"Surely," said every one, "we shall hear the bells now, for nothing like this has ever been offered before."

And they all stood still to listen, but only the cold, cold wind was heard in the stone tower; and the people shook their heads, some of them saying as they had done before, that they really never believed the story of the chimes, anyway.

The procession was over, and the gifts were all on the altar, the choir had begun the closing hymn.

Suddenly the organist stopped playing, and every one looked at the minister, who was standing in his place holding up his hand for silence. Not a sound could be heard from anyone in the church. While all the people strained their ears to listen, there came softly but distinctly swinging through the air the sound of the bells in the tower. So far away and yet so clear seemed the music, so much sweeter were the notes than had been heard before, that the people in the church sat for a moment as still as though something had each of them by the shoulders. Then they all stood up together and stared straight at the altar to see what great gift had awakened the long silent bells.

But all that the nearest of them saw was the childish figure of Little Brother, who had crept softly down the aisle when no one was looking and had laid Pedro's little piece of silver on the altar.

Nickel in Soapmaking.

It will probably be news to the average abolitionist that the metal nickel is used in making his soap. And further, perhaps, he will be glad to learn that although the nickel, finely ground, is mixed with the other soap ingredients the finished product contains none of it. This is so because the nickel acts as what the chemists call a catalyst—that is, its presence causes certain desirable changes to occur, although it takes no part in the chemical reaction. Offensive oils and those too thin for satisfactory use when mixed with finely divided nickel and subjected to the action of a current of hydrogen become deodorized and harder and suitable for the soapmaker's use. Cottonseed oil, for example, after the nickel-hydrogen treatment, makes a satisfactory soap.—Pittsburgh Press.

HARLAN'S CHRISTMAS EVE

By EM. FEHRENBACHER

JACK HARLAN stood before his desk dressed for the street when a boyish voice broke the silence of the office with "What you got in all them bundles, Mr. Gridley?"

It was the office boy, Jim, talking to Gridley, Harlan's manager.

"Those bundles? Why, here's a drum; and this is an electric railroad, and here's a game of yachest. Did you ever play parchesi, Jim? It's a great game, all right. My boy Al gets so excited when he can put one over on me and win a game he can hardly keep from whooping!"

"They're all boys, ain't they?" inquired the office boy.

"Yes, and glad of it, too," answered Gridley. "Here, Jim, is something for your Christmas, and hope you'll have a nice day!"

"Oh, thanks. Good-by, Mr. Gridley. Merry Christmas!" called the boy as the door slammed after the overladen Gridley.

Harlan slid down the top of his desk with a bang and left the office. What a happy little hustling fellow Gridley was; a little shrimp of a man, and yet he always seemed to radiate pleased self-importance and good cheer! Jim caught sight of Harlan as he was going out the front door.

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Harlan," he called. "Thanks for the clock and Merry Christmas to you!"

"Merry Christmas, huh! What does Christmas mean to me now, anyway? Christmas is a time for fools and babies," muttered Harlan to himself as he walked to the street car, first telling the waiting chauffeur to drive home without him. And when he got to the car he walked up on Market street; he felt he could not bear the

fields of a stuffy car. The street at least held a variety of things to divert one's thoughts.

Christmas decorations were on all the buildings; wreaths dangling broad red ribbons hung in most windows and every corner was a jumble of green and red where the flower vendors were selling holly, while "Merry Christmas!" he heard on every side. Great bunches of cherry laurel and eucalyptus boughs made a veritable canopy over the flower vendors' stands, where flashed red and white and yellow carnations, red and green Christmas wreaths and holly.

"Holly here, mister; only 15 cents a bunch, two for two bits. Take a bunch home to your wife, and a flower vendor poked a bunch of holly into Harlan's face.

"No, no!" he cried, brushing the vendor aside, and walked on. At last unable to stand it longer he jumped into a waiting taxi and called out his home address.

At first he peered from out the taxi; but every window seemed to hold a Christmas wreath and he soon gave up glancing out the window to stare straight before him into the dimness of the cab. When the taxi stopped, he sprang out; paid the fare and let himself into the house with his latch-key.

A woman in the white apron of a nurse-maid was just ascending the broad staircase as he came into the hall. She had a child with her but Harlan did not see the child; the nurse was too quick in running up the stairs.

"I'm sick of seeing that woman slink away like a thief every time I enter a room where she's had the child. Why under the sun don't she stay away from this part of the house altogether like I've ordered her to?" grumbled the man.

He hung his hat and overcoat on the hall rack, and striding into the living room, he flung himself into a large leather armchair and tried to read the evening paper. But the news failed to interest him somehow tonight; and as twilight came on and the room darkened, he found himself staring into the grate fire.

How many things one can imagine in the flame of a grate fire! And, as the man sat there all huddled in the

big armchair, all the dark days of the dead past came trooping out of the coals. An office room he saw first, with himself sitting at a desk and a fair-haired girl at a typewriter in the corner. The girl was poorly dressed but the sweetness of her smile captivated the man at the desk. And in the next picture he heard the man asking the girl to become his wife. A hillside flooded with moonlight he beheld next—the picture of an evening from out their honeymoon, with them sitting on that hillside in the shadow of the tall, dark, sweet-smelling pines that loomed up as a background. Here there were no more visions for a time, while the man sat staring dry-eyed into the fire.

The scene of the next picture was laid in the sitting room. She was in a low rocker by the window, sewing on something soft and white. Every once in a while she looked out of the window. Through the window he saw an auto stop in front of the house, and the man who got out and entered the house was himself. She heard his stop and sat with her hands loosely crossed on the sewing as he entered the room and stopping behind the rocker, put his two hands over her eyes. Then she drew down his face to hers and kissed him on both cheeks and then on the forehead and eyes and mouth. At this, Harlan buried his head on his arm, while a dry sob shook his throat.

"Oh, Nadine, Nadine, why did you leave me!" he sobbed. He turned from the flaming coals and his eye fell upon a Christmas tree all decked with shining ornaments. It was a real tree. He knew it was there for the child; and was annoyed at the thought of the cause of her death. He lit his pipe and leaned back for a smoke. But through the blue smoke haze the tree became an airy phantom dream-tree. A ladder leaned up against it and at the top of the ladder, high up, and half hidden by the pungent green boughs, stood a golden-haired woman. And he was standing beneath the tree, steadying the ladder with both hands. She was putting the last touches to the tree.

She held a shining bright tinsel in her hand; and God, what was she was saying!

"Look, sweetheart, how bright the star is! Ah, dear, next Christmas the baby will be six months old, just old enough to notice things; and I'm sure he'll notice this star; now won't he? Don't you think so, dear?"

"Come down, Nadine, come down; I'm afraid you will fall," he heard himself cry, and then as she laughingly descended the ladder, he clasped her in his arms before she reached the bottom and kissed her again and again.

"You big story teller," she laughingly reproved him, "you weren't a bit afraid I'd fall; you just wanted to hug me!"

"What if I did? Now what are you going to do about it?" he was demanding—when the girl faded, and that dream picture of himself in other days vanished and nothing was left but the Christmas tree.

Harlan pulled his chair away from the fire and over to the window, and, sinking back into its depths, he watched the glimmer of the windows in the houses across the street and their soft shine on the pavement.

He must have dozed a long time, for when he awoke the arc lights in the street were lit and a bright shaft of light fell across the room, and presently into this shaft of light came stumbling a little white-robed figure. It was a little boy in his nightgown. He walked over to the Christmas tree and toyed playfully with the ornaments dangling from the lower branches.

"Pretty, pretty things," he kept saying over and over in a soft little voice. Awakened from a dreamless slumber, the first thing Jack Harlan's mind reverted to was the dream picture of his wife in the Christmas tree. And this was the child, his child and hers. He heard her voice again.

"Next Christmas he will be six months old, just old enough to notice things, and he will notice the star; it is so bright."

Had he noticed it that first lone Christmas when everything was so desolate in that household? Ah, there had been no tree! And the next Christmas, when the baby was a year and six months old, the nurse had asked if she might get a tree and Harlan had said "No." This year she had bought one without asking, and Harlan felt thankful to her and strangely glad.

What was the baby saying to him self?

"I wanted to see the star, the star, but nurse wouldn't let me wait 'cause my papa was comin'. An' now the star's all gone; it's all dark an' gone out an' I don't see it no more—no more."

The child broke into a little huddled heap, sobbing in the shadows at the foot of the tree, and a stray ray of light coming through the hall door fell upon his fair head.

With a stifled cry of remorse and pity Harlan gathered the trembling little form tenderly in his arms and pointed out the tinsel star at the top of the tree, while the tears of the child mingled with his. And a great peace filled his soul.

A Strenuous Singer.

It is possible for a singer to be too strenuous. All students of musical history know that the famous tenor, Rubini, actually fractured his collarbone while singing a double forte on B flat.

Explained.

Proud Father—That is a sunset my daughter painted. She studied painting abroad, you know. Friend—Ah, that explains it. I never saw a sunset like that in this country.—Puck.

Those Girls Again.

Edith—Miss Oldgirl says she has just reached the marriageable age. Marie—You don't say! I wonder what delayed her!—Boston Transcript.

Thrift is not a virtue of tomorrow, but of today.

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Saturday, December 25, 1915.

It is now only ten months to the next Presidential election.

Over half a million Germans have been killed since this war began. Probably more than that number have been lost by the allies.

The President is married and has gone on his honeymoon. We trust now the daily papers will have something to talk about besides the "beautiful bride" and her touseau.

The greatest farce of the age is the Ford peace party now trying to get somewhere in Europe. At last accounts the party was anything but a happy family.

One week from next Monday the new city government will be inaugurated and the city officers elected. It looks now as though there would be several contests over city affairs.

British cruisers are continuously on the watch off the New York and other American ports. There seems to be a disposition to annoy American commerce all they possibly can. The interference is entirely unwarrantable.

The days have already lengthened five minutes at night. They are still growing shorter in the morning. So there is no increase in the length of the days as yet which are now the shortest of the year. Next Tuesday the days will begin to increase.

It cannot be truthfully said that the Republicans of Rhode Island favor Roosevelt for the next candidate for President. If by any unforeseen accident he should be the candidate of the party, many Republicans in this State would take to the woods.

All the newly married couples who are on their honeymoon trip are headed for the Hot Springs of Virginia. The landlords ought to pay President Wilson and his bride a handsome bonus for making that place their headquarters for the bridal season.

Ford, the great automobile and peace maker says, "I would rather live in a poorhouse than earn a cent through the war industry." And yet the war has added millions to his profits by creating a demand for his cars. After the car leaves the shop he does not in all probability stop to inquire what becomes of it.

Woonsocket proposes to take time by the forelock and the city fathers are already planning for "the grandest and most glorious observance of independence day that has ever been held in Woonsocket." A committee has already been appointed to invite Gov. Beekman and staff, and if the city does not have a big celebration it will not be for lack of preparation.

Getting married, going on a honeymoon, and writing war notes all the same time would seem to be employment for one man. Add to that the necessity of keeping the Democratic majority in Congress up to his work, and overcoming the yapping of his former Secretary of State Bryan, and President Wilson must be reckoned a man of labor.

The Democratic leaders in Congress like the ancient Bourbons never learn anything. Otherwise they would see by this time that the only thing that has saved this country from being inundated with pauper made foreign goods is the European war, and that when this war ends if there is anything left in Europe this country will have to look out for the flood.

The allies have made a gigantic failure in their attack on the Dardanelles. They have now withdrawn from the contest and thus acknowledged their failure, after sacrificing thousands of lives, many vessels and millions of money. Up to date the odds in this great contest seem to be with the Germans. The allies will have to show greater skill than they have shown if they expect to conquer the Tonic forces.

Gov. Beekman makes an emphatic denial of the foolish story that has been going the rounds of the press the past week that at a Gary dinner lately he told ex-President Roosevelt that he as well as the Republicans of Rhode Island was for him for President next fall. The Governor says he attended no Gary dinner, that he had no invitation to such a dinner, and what is more that he never had the pleasure of meeting Judge Gary. Further he says, "I have not in private or in public expressed any preference for the Presidency." That ought to be emphatic enough to satisfy the newsmongers.

The Bull Moose progressive party would seem to be about extinct. Only now and then some one of the old leaders like Perkins, the financier of the party, pops up his head and says "he is not dead yet," still the cry meets with no response. The rank and file of the party is gone. The most there is left of it is the echo of what has been. A few of the noisy ones die hard, but their political obsequies will have to be celebrated all the same, and when November, 1916, comes round there will not be a remnant of the once noisy Roosevelt crowd left. It will be as scarce as the Roosevelt shouters in July, 1913, at the Newport Beach.

Democratic Economy.

The submission of estimates by the various departments of the Federal Government encourages no hope of "return to that simplicity and economy which befits a democratic government," which the Baltimore platform pledged. Every department wants more money than was appropriated for 1916, although, after the deficiency appropriations made necessary by the failure of the last Congress to pass fifteen of the great supply bills are voted, the expenditures for the years 1916 and 1917 will exceed any in the history of the government, being \$177,000,000 more than those of the last Republican Congress, whose "profligate waste of money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation" was denounced by the Baltimore platform and by every Democrat of low or high degree throughout the United States in the campaign of 1912. The estimate for 1917 exceeds that of any year except 1865.

The statement that the increase "is almost wholly due to the administration plans for military preparedness" is not true. The net military increase is but \$28,000,000 and the net naval increase but \$70,000,000. This constitutes only \$98,000,000 of the \$177,000,000 increase over the extravagant appropriations for 1916. Furthermore, the estimates for some purposes are too low. The postal service estimate for 1917 is \$10,000,000 less than expenditures for 1916, as reported by the Treasury Department. But then the postmaster general's estimate is always several millions below the appropriation and there is usually an additional deficiency to be cared for. The legislative estimate is but little over half that for last year. The few decreases are more than balanced by increases everywhere else. The Sixty-fourth will beyond question be known as the most expensive Congress in the history of the government.

Better Outlook in Mexico.

Business is ready to bulge across the Mexican border in large volume and great variety as soon as conditions are tranquil enough to encourage the activities of peaceful trade. Even now long trains loaded with commodities most needed by a distressed population of millions are passing from this country into Mexico by Rio Grande gateways, and American commercial travelers are flocking in to assist in the orderly resumption of commercial intercourse. As the world knows, and has always known since the discovery of the New World, Mexico is a land of unsurpassed natural wealth. But for reasons connected with its government, or rather misgovernment, its population of over 16,000,000 has seen more down than up in spite of their wonderful undeveloped resources. In the last few years the sufferings of the Mexican people have been intensified, and it is certain that the extent and severity of their hardships are not fully comprehended. Hunger and unusual disease have lately been added to their other troubles. The prospect of a more settled government and trade is most welcome. It comes in a time of extremity, and a population that has been facing it ought to be thankful for the relief. Each individual ought to be glad to escape the chaos of demoralization, and do all in his power to secure the stability of a new era.

The Mexican people should be able to see that the United States respects their territorial and other rights as a nation. We are in no plot to despoil them of land or overreach them in trade.

If Mexico will maintain sound, responsible government its prosperity would be far beyond the average. And if each Mexican resolves to do it the new era will be here.

Newport is Going Ahead.

(Providence Journal.)

As in other New England cities, the high school problem is a pressing one in Newport. But Newport, apparently, is not disposed to follow precedents by erecting a new building in another locality. The proposition is to enlarge the Rogers High School at an expenditure of \$225,000, and this would indicate the exercise of good judgment on the part of the committee which worked out the plan about ten years ago.

In a city of the area of Newport there is much to be said in favor of a central location for a high school. The distances are not too great to cause serious inconvenience, and in providing room for expansion the city probably saved money. The necessity of increased facilities for high school pupils, however, gives no valid reason for complaint. It affords unmistakable evidence that Newport is growing in wealth and population.

A recommendation that the House investigate the peace propaganda of former Secretary W. J. Bryan to determine if he is making any money out of his peace campaign was made Friday by Rep. Gardner during a preparedness speech in the lower chamber. Bryan is of a frugal disposition. He will make money wherever he can.

Nearly 600 horses valued at \$200 each, consigned to Brest, France, for the use of the allied armies, were drowned in the North river Friday of last week, when a barge sank in process of loading on board steamer Anglo-Californian.

It is said that France will soon be compelled to come to this country for its coal. It is estimated that twenty five million tons will not make up her deficiency this year.

Fifty Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of December 21, 1901.)
THE JAMESTOWN DEVELOPMENT.

The great project that was to have made Jamestown one of the prettiest islands in New England, to have given steam transportation to the islanders, and made the poor rich and the rich richer, has fallen through. One or two holders of land did not see fit to sell the small parcels they owned within the tract, and thus defeated the purpose of that portion which was held under signature. It is sometimes difficult to understand why some men are opposed to progress, and this is certainly an instance. Here was a company with a capital to the amount of \$100,000 ready to purchase land at the price asked and to induce wealthy people from abroad to build summer residences, to put on a steam ferry boat, and in a few years Jamestown would have been a beautiful spot. But no, they preferred to keep the land at the lowest farming value and to pass between the island and this city in an old sail vessel, people and cattle mixed together. If our island friends are satisfied with the situation, nobody should blame them, but they have disappointed those who were endeavoring to befriend them.

TILLEY STABLE BURNED.

Last Saturday morning, about half past ten o'clock, the stable of Mr. Abraham H. Tilley, near Warner street, was found to be on fire, and before the firemen could render any assistance the building was nearly consumed, with two cows, seven tons of hay, two tons of straw and a lot of farming tools, the whole valued at about \$1000, on which there was no insurance. The firemen succeeded in confining the fire to the barn and shed. This fire has been attributed to an incendiary, but as is frequently the case with such reports it is false, for it appears that Mr. Tilley's little boy found half a match and lit it while in the barn and when it burnt his fingers he let it drop in the hay. He was too young to know the consequences and in a few minutes the barn was enveloped in flames. Mr. Tilley has always been a hardworking man and the loss falls heavily upon him.

ST. JOHN'S LODGE ELECTION.

At the annual election of St. John's Lodge in this city on Monday evening last, the following officers were installed by R. W. Thomas Doyle: William J. Underwood, W. M.; John Fadden, S. W.; N. B. Allen, J. W.; E. J. Townsend, Treasurer; Ara Hildreth, Secretary; Frank Wilks, Junior Deacon; John Myers, Senior Deacon; John Brown, Junior Steward; Peleg Bryer, Sr. Steward; Thomas T. Carr, Chaplain; George W. Tow Marshall; J. C. Spangler, Tyler.

Twenty-Five Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of December 27, 1901.)

ANOTHER BOLD ROBBERY.

Another bold robbery was committed in Newport Tuesday night. This time it was the Oelrichs cottage on Kay street, occupied by Mr. J. A. Swan, who recently purchased the Dale estate on Gibbs avenue. The robbery was not discovered until between 11 and 12 o'clock, but when the family went to dinner at 7 o'clock all the windows and doors of the first and second stories were secured, and when the theft was discovered an examination showed all the fastenings undisturbed, so it is supposed that the job was worked previously to the dinner hour. It was the work of a sneak thief, the same undoubtedly as has been doing a lucrative business here for the past fifteen months. A large number of valuable articles of jewelry were stolen. The police are at work upon the case, but as yet have not succeeded in establishing any clue to the perpetrators.

LOST BROTHER FOUND.

Joe Mechell, who has been a citizen of Newport since the war, earning an honest living by odd jobs, such as sweeping chimneys, etc., made a startling discovery the other day. He and his neighbor, a man who had occupied the same house with him all summer, were having a friendly talk and wondering from one subject to another, they finally related some of the startling experiences of their lives when it came out that they had both been owned by the same master in Virginia when the war broke out. This discovery led to more minute explanations as to their origin, and finally each was forced to conclude that he had found in the other his long-lost brother.

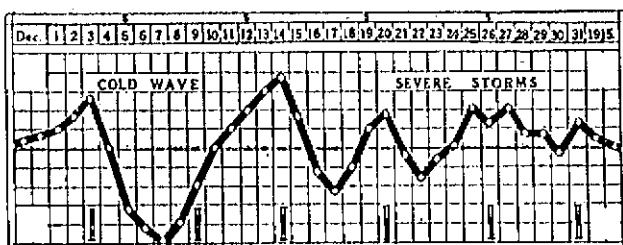
To make sure there was no mistake, Joe, whose wide acquaintance with the world had made him a little suspicious, decided to test the case by relating the story of his falling into a well when a very small boy, knowing that the long missing brother would remember the incident. His companion said that he remembered the incident and removed all doubt from Joe's mind by saying: "Yes, I remember. Mother and Master came to the rescue—Mother with a tub and rope and Master with a yardstick—and while Mother was bailing you out, Master broke the yardstick over my head, saying that I had pushed you into the well."

One-cent postage on local letters, in place of a two-cent rate on first-class mail matter, is provided for in a bill introduced in Congress by Representative W. J. Browning of New Jersey. Representative Browning says profit on local letters is very great, as expense to handle each one is about quarter of a cent, and half the present rate would result in no falling off in revenues, because the volume of business would practically be doubled. It always has seemed a little out of place to carry a letter to San Francisco for the same money as it costs to carry it over the Point, or anywhere along Thames Street.

The New York Herald is responsible for the statement that: "More than 200 men were placed in factories of Winchester Repeating Arms Co. in November for sole purpose of fomenting dissatisfaction among the 18,000 employees. Some of the men, who no longer are in the plant, have admitted they had gained employment there at behest of interests bent upon paralyzing activities of the great munitions establishment."

"Say, Billy, wot's a preferred creditor?"
"That's a guy who owe money to wot kin lick ye."—Life.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



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December temperatures will average lower than usual. Lowest temperatures during the week centering on December 7 and highest during the week centering on December 14. Storms will not be severe and not much probability of earthquakes. Precipitation much the same as for October. Most severe storms during week centering on December 25. Generally good weather for picking cotton and gathering corn.

Treble line represents seasonable normal temperatures, the heavy black line the predicted departures from normal. The black line tending upward indicates rising temperature and downward indicates falling temperature. Where the heavy temperature line goes above normal indications are for warmer, and below cooler than usual. The line indicates when storm waves will cross meridian 90, moving eastward. Count one or two days later for east of meridian 90, and one to three days earlier for west of it. Warm waves will be about a day earlier and cool waves a day later.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 23, 1915.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent Dec. 24 to 28 and 29 to Jan. 2, warm waves Dec. 23 to 27 and 28 to Jan. 1, cool waves Dec. 26 to 30 and 31 to Jan. 4. This period covers the holidays. Moderate temperatures are expected. In the great central valleys the winter storms will be a little more severe than the average and it will probably be best to prepare for severe winter storms bordering on the blizzard variety. These winter storms will also be quite severe on the Pacific slope with excessive precipitation, rains and snows in the valleys and snows in the mountains.

When these mountain snows begin to melt with the March rains, floods are expected. The storm due to reach Meridian 90 about Dec. 26 will increase in force during its four or five days passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic and heavy rains are expected in northern, heavy rains in southern sections. In most northern sections during the holidays it will be the proper thing to expect; "It snows, cries the school boy." Sometimes these storm centers are a little ahead of our dates, sometimes a little tardy, therefore we advise to watch the locations of the storms from Dec. 23 to 28. We expect them to be most severe on those dates wherever they may be.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Jan. 2, cross Pacific slope by close of 3, central valleys 4 to 6, eastern sections 5. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Jan. 2, central valleys 4, eastern sections 5. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Jan. 6, central valleys 7, eastern sections 9. Temperatures are expected to be low.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Mr. Frederick V. Tallman is at the Newport Hospital where he is recovering from an operation.

Miss Esther Coggeshall is visiting her sister, Mrs. Clarence Lunan of Fall River.

Misses Eliza and Panay Hall of Moses Brown School, Providence, are spending their vacation with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Hall.

Mrs. Belle L. Tallman has been to Wallum Lake to visit her daughter, Miss Dorothea C. Tallman.

Christmas exercises with Christmas trees will be held in the various Churches on Christmas Eve. The choir of the Methodist Episcopal Church will go about singing carols on Christmas Eve.

The Owl's Club held its annual banquet at the Club House on Sprague street recently when a chicken supper was served.

Mr. Levi Almy has accepted a position with the Providence Engineering Works.

The Ladies' Association of St. Paul's Church met with Misses Fannie and Grace Hicks for the regular meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Malone entertained recently Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Coggeshall and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Durfee.

Colonel William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., held a sale of fancy articles recently at the Chapter House which was well attended. Supper was served.

Mrs. Frank L. Tallman has been the guest of her son, Norman Tallman, of Brockton.

The Portsmouth Railway Station which was badly damaged by a freight train is being torn down and a new building is to be put up. The station agent, Mr. H. Frank Anthony, has an office in a house on the opposite side of the road until the new station is completed.

Mrs. William F. Brayton has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Francis P. Conway of Newport.

Mr. Richmond Dennis, who has been ill, is able to be out again.

There were exercises at the several schools before they closed for the Christmas vacation, and in some cases there were Christmas trees. In the Chase School, Miss Minnie E. Brophy, teacher, there were about 50 visitors. Among those who took part in the exercises were: Arthur Frechorn, Rose and Mary Silva, Rose Lima, Anna Cairo, Inez Cairo, Elizabeth Healy, Mary Fraida, Julia and Josephine Reiss, Christine Anthony, Mary, Stella, and Georgiana Souza, Walter Watson, Augusta Anthony, John and Fred Brown, Clara Souza and Antone Fraida.

Portsmouth Grange held its regular social at Fair Hall with a large attendance. An orchestra furnished music for dancing. What was played, the prize being won by Mrs. Bliss. Refreshments were served.

Miss Kate L. Durfee has returned from Providence.

Mrs. David B. Anthony has been guest of Mr. and Mrs. Perry R. Anthony of Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Pierce have been visiting the former's daughter, Mrs. DeForest Macomber of Newport.

Miss Annie Murphy of Newport has been visiting relatives in town.

"Bibber says he kept his glass upsid down most of the time at the banquet last night."
"So he did; with the open end of it in his face."

Recent Deaths.

Elmer H. Day.

Mr. Elmer H. Day, a well known business man of Block Island, died on Wednesday at a private hospital in Providence, following an operation. He had been suffering for some little time from a trouble which it was believed would be relieved by an operation, but his condition was found to be much worse than was anticipated and he died within a short time. The news of his death came as a great shock to his many friends on the island.

Mr. Day was a son of the late Marcus M. Day and was born in Woodstock, Conn., fifty-five years ago, but had spent practically his whole life on Block Island. He married a daughter of Mr. Darius B. Dodge, proprietor of the Island Drug Store, and had long been associated with Mr. Dodge in the conduct of the business. He was a man of very genial disposition, making friends easily and having a wide acquaintance among the thousands of visitors to the island. He was a member of Atlantic Lodge, F. & A. M., of Block Island, and of Newport Chapter, No. 2, Royal Arch Masons, of this city. Mr. Day is survived by a widow and one son; also by two brothers, Messrs. Arthur A. Day of Providence and Wolcott L. Day of Philadelphia.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Services will be held on Christmas morning at the Church of the Holy Cross at 9.15 by Rev. Everett Smith, and at St. Columba's, at 10.30, Rev. John B. Dinan officiating. It is expected that Rev. E. E. Wells will occupy his pulpit at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday afternoon at the 2.45 service. He was out for a short walk Tuesday for the first time in nearly two months. Sunday will be the closing day for the "Red and Blue Button Membership Contest" in the Methodist Sunday School. The Reds have been on the increase the last few Sundays although the Blues are still 13 in the lead. The record for last Sunday was Reds 115, Blues 101.

The December meeting of Newport County Pomona Grange was held at Fair Hall on Tuesday. Officers were elected for the next two years as follows: Worthy Master, Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox of Tiverton; Worthy Overseer, Jesse I. Durfee of Portsmouth; Worthy Lecturer, Mrs. May Chase Spooner of Middletown; Steward, Wm. H. Potter of Tiverton; Assistant Steward, David Patten of Little Compton; Chaplain, Mrs. Eliza Clarke Peckham of Middletown, who, at 85, is the oldest woman in the Grange; Treasurer, Wm. S. Slocum of Middletown; Secretary, Miss Clover L. Hambley of Tiverton; Gate Keeper, Ferdinand Amburn of Jamestown; Ceres, Mrs. Walter Whalen of Stone Bridge; Pomona, Mrs. Armistead of Jamestown; Flora, Mrs. Patten of Little Compton; Lady Assistant Steward, Mrs. Wm. T. Wood of Stone Bridge. Mr. Potter was re-elected for a term of three years on the Executive Committee. Mrs. Jesse Durfee was re-appointed pianist for the coming year. The evening session was occupied largely with the fifth degree work by the Ladies Degree Team of Pomona. The secretary announced that the bronze shield, the Pomona membership trophy, for the largest increase in membership for the year, was again awarded to Jamestown. Although a Christmas program had been planned by Mrs. Eliza A. Peckham, the lateness of the hour prevented its being carried out in detail. The January and the 21st anniversary of this County Grange will be celebrated.

A reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Peckham on Tuesday evening for their eldest son, Mr. Harold Peckham, and his bride, who was Miss Ethel Cummings, daughter of Mr. Stephen Cummings of Portsmouth. The young couple were married last week by Rev. E. E. Wells at the Methodist Parsonage.

At the December meeting of the School Committee, on Monday evening James R. Taber was re-elected trustee officer and Charles H. Ward was appointed to take the school census. This had been done the past seven years by Mrs. Eliza A. Peckham of the School Committee but owing to the failing health of her mother, who is nearly 86, she was obliged to decline the appointment.

The Christmas Festival of the parish of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel had a big attendance on Wednesday evening. The exercises were conducted by Rev. John B. Dinan. The surprise of the evening was a motion picture play, Mr. Diman announcing that the machine was received Monday as a gift to St. George's School from Mrs. John Nicholas Brown.

Later gifts were distributed and ice cream and cake were served to all, under the direction of Mrs. Robert Patterson of Newport.

Deaths.

In this city, 18th inst., Cornelius Harrington.
In this city, 18th inst., Margaret Conroy, widow of Daniel Sullivan, aged 77 years.
In this city, 18th inst., John J., son of Sarah and the late Jeremiah Coffey.
In this city, 18th inst., John L. Cookinham, in his 74th year.
At the Naval Hospital, 24th inst., Lloyd L. Phillips, Chief Yeoman, U. S. N.
In Providence, 23rd inst., Elmer Henry Day, or Block Island, in his 94th year.
In Middletown, 24th inst., Maria Almeida Sueda.
In Tiverton, 24th inst., Elizabeth H., widow of Cynthia Henry A. Slocum.
In Little Compton, 24th inst., Mary A., widow of Oliver C. Wilbur, in her 74th year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other states, away from Newport and wishing information for the sale of their own or others' real estate, houses, farms and unimproved lands, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

122 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1881. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public. Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villages and Country places.

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MANY MESSAGES OF GOOD WISHES

World-Wide Congratulations to President and Bride

ARE NOT FAR FROM CAPITOL

Can Quickly Return to Washington if Executive's Presence Is Demanded—Visit to Hot Springs, Va., Planned to Last Until Jan. 3—But Few at Wedding Ceremony

Hot Springs, Va., Dec. 20.—Not knowing at what moment the gravely threatening international situation may call him from the side of his wife to return to the national capital, President and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson are on their honeymoon here. They expect to return to the White House on Jan. 3.

The bridal couple arrived at Hot Springs early Sunday and are occupying a large suite at the Homestead hotel. President Wilson is keeping in close touch with Washington, and is ready to return should events demand his presence.

They were followed here by congratulations from almost every part of the world. Messages of good wishes came from rulers of nations in Europe, presidents of South and Central American countries, governors of states, diplomats, members of the senate and house and justices of the supreme court and from scores of personal friends and relatives.

President and Mrs. Wilson occupy four rooms in a section of the hotel set apart especially for them. No other guests will be given rooms near them. The suite is on the third floor, and porches outside the windows overlook the golf links. The suite has a dining room, and the couple expect to have all their meals served privately.

The wedding ceremony was performed by Dr. Herbert S. Smith, rector of St. Margaret's Protestant Episcopal church, of which Mrs. Wilson is a member, assisted by Rev. Dr. James H. Taylor, pastor of Central Presbyterian church, which Mr. Wilson attends. The Episcopal service was used, including the word "obey."

Mrs. Wilson's wedding gown was of black silk velvet. It served also as a traveling gown. Her only jewelry was a diamond brooch, the gift of the president.

Every effort was made to deprive this notable event of any official character. Even the cards announcing the marriage mentioned the president as "Mr. Woodrow Wilson." It was in a formal bower that the wedding ceremony was performed. Whatever was lacking in formality and display in other points was made up for in decorations of blooms and greenery as elaborate as the dimensions of the Galt residence would permit. The studied simplicity that marked the affair was abandoned when it came to decorative effect.

The drawing room of the Galt residence was the scene of the marriage. In it the color scheme found a charming background in the French pink walls and hangings of Farleyence fern extending from floor to ceiling. These decorations marked the spot where the ceremony was performed.

The guests who witnessed the ceremony numbered less than thirty and when congratulations were over and a light wedding supper had been served, the president and his bride motored to Union station. There they boarded a train and departed for Hot Springs.

The wedding gifts were numerous, notwithstanding the president's expressed wish that no presents be sent. They were displayed in an upper room.

Record Imports and Exports
Washington, Dec. 23.—Foreign trade of the United States in November jumped to the unprecedented total of \$800,000,000. Imports as well as exports broke records for the month. A record of \$5,000,000,000 for the past twelve months' exports and imports was set.

Motion to Head Tuskegee
New York, Dec. 21.—Major H. Motion of Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va., was selected to succeed Booker T. Washington as president of Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Ala., at a meeting of the special committee of the trustees of the institute here.

Big Pittsburg Bank Falls
Pittsburg, Dec. 23.—The Pittsburg Bank for Savings was ordered closed by the state banking department. It is said the bank has \$10,000,000 in deposits. Many depositors crowded before the closed doors, frantic to withdraw their savings.

House Sails Next Week
New York, Dec. 24.—E. M. House, who plans to leave New York on Dec. 28 on a European mission for President Wilson, said he probably would remain away six weeks or two months.

Bissing Retires on Jan. 11
Paris, Dec. 23.—A dispatch from Haale says the kaiser has accepted the resignation of General von Bissing, the German military governor of Belgium, to take effect Jan. 11.

Fire Destroys Christmas Mail
Barrington, R. I., Dec. 24.—Fire in an electric mail car here destroyed twenty bags of mail matter. Spontaneous combustion in one of the bags is believed to have been the cause. The car contained parcel post Christmas packages.

MENACED BY TEUTON FLIERS

Alies' Outpost at Saloniki Appears to Be in Danger

DENIAL OF RUSSIAN VICTORY

Report of Capture of Bulgarian Port of Varna Proves False—Germans Take Fifteen Hundred French Prisoners—Possible Germanic Operations in Greece Causes Work

London, Dec. 24.—An Austrian aeroplane flew to within about three miles of Saloniki and dropped bombs near a village in the vicinity, according to advices from Saloniki forwarded by the Havas correspondent at Athens.

Another unconfirmed report from the same source was that a Zeppelin had been seen flying over northern Greek territory. The dispatch is as follows: "It is reported from Saloniki that an Austrian aeroplane was perceived five kilometers from Saloniki. After reconnoitering, the aeroplane dropped five bombs near the village of Apalpi, without doing any damage. Three French aeroplanes started in pursuit, but the enemy aeroplane flew off in a northerly direction."

"According to another report, as yet unconfirmed, a Zeppelin has been seen flying over Marina and Demetris."

Petrograd dispatches disposed of the Athens report that Russian troops captured the Bulgarian port of Varna, after warships had wrecked the principal buildings.

"Two Russian torpedo boats pursued a Bulgarian torpedo boat into Varna bay," said the dispatch from Petrograd. "They were forced to withdraw by the Bulgarian shore batteries."

It is believed in military circles that the encounter between the Russian ships and the Varna forts gave rise to the reports that a large squadron had appeared off the Bulgarian coast and that troops had been landed.

Hopes of any Russian offensive in Bulgaria are now abandoned here.

Hartmanns-Weberkopf, the summit of which the Germans claim to have retaken, together with over 1500 prisoners, is the only point of first class activity on the western front, while on the eastern fighting lines there has been little evidence of any disturbance in the Christmas lull.

"There have been some clashes in Galicia, with minor successes on both sides, and the Russian forces in Persia are fighting twenty-five miles from Teheran."

The Greek public's uneasiness over the possibility of an early extension of Germanic operations to Greek territory increases hourly, and the Greek domestic situation is so ruffling that it is stated that parliament, as soon as it meets, will declare martial law in order to muzzle the opposition press, which has been mercilessly attacking the government.

A Reuter dispatch from Athens says that Germany is reported to have informed Greece that she hopes to reach Saloniki by Jan. 15, promising, at the same time, to evacuate Greek territory as soon as the task is finished.

Greek correspondents of the Paris newspapers declare that the Teutonic allies have decided that Austria shall have the initiative in all the offensive movements in the Balkans and reports are also published in Paris that the Austrians are actually marching on Saloniki.

Great Britain's loss of officers and men at the Dardanelles up to Dec. 11 was 112,921.

This is the grand total of officers and men, including the naval lists of killed, wounded and missing. The number of killed was 25,279. In addition to the total of casualties, the number of sick admitted to the hospital was 96,681.

Proves to Be War Blunder
London, Dec. 21.—The announcement of the British withdrawal from part of Gallipoli overshadowed all other war news in London. For the British public the abrupt war office statement marks the end of one of the great chapters of the war's history.

The feeling of the man in the street was generally one mixed with regret. A popular half-penny paper sums up the British public's attitude as follows: "Thus ends the enterprise on which the highest hopes were built and which, if it had succeeded, would have turned the tide of the war. Our troops from first to last were within a few miles of victory."

Many Jackies at Boston
Boston, Dec. 21.—Four battleships—the Virginia, Georgia, Rhode Island and New Jersey—brought to Boston 3000 Jackies for the Christmas holidays. They will have shore leave and a chance to enjoy Christmas in a big city.

Death of General Von Emmich
Berlin, Dec. 23.—General Otto von Emmich, who led the German invasion into Belgium at the opening of the war and who is referred to by military historians as the "man who captured Liege," died at Hanover.

Professor Arthur W. Wright, noted scientist and professor of experimental physics at Yale from 1872 to 1905, died at New Haven in his 80th year. Fifty Boston Elevated railway employees followed the remains of Arthur F. Adams, for twenty-two years a motorman, to a cemetery in a draped electric car which the deceased ran for a number of years.

NO ROOM LEFT FOR ARGUMENT

Austria Must Disavow Sinking of Liner Ancona

DEFINITE DEMANDS RENEWED

Reparation and Punishment of Submarine Commander Insisted Upon in New Note—Continuance of Diplomatic Relations Between the Two Nations Depends Upon Reply

Washington, Dec. 23.—The United States will not argue with Austria any points involved in the sinking of the Ancona. In the second American note to the Vienna government, made public by the state department when it was delivered to Foreign Minister Burian at Vienna, this government states that it must renew the demands but respectful demands made in its communication of Dec. 6.

The text of the note to the Austro-Hungarian minister of foreign affairs follows:

"The government of the United States has received the note of your excellency relative to the sinking of the Ancona, which was delivered at Vienna on Dec. 15, 1915, and transmitted to Washington, and has given the note immediate and careful consideration."

"On Nov. 15, 1915, Baron Zwielfnek, the charge d'affaires of the imperial and royal government at Washington, transmitted to the department of state a report of the Austro-Hungarian admiralty with regard to the sinking of the steamship Ancona, in which it was admitted that the vessel was torpedoed after her engines had been stopped and when passengers were still on board."

"This admission alone is, in the view of the government of the United States, sufficient to fix upon the commander of the submarine which fired the torpedo the responsibility for having willfully violated the recognized law of nations and entirely disregarded those humane principles which every belligerent should observe in the conduct of war at sea."

"In view of these admitted circumstances the government of the United States feels justified in holding that the details of the sinking of the Ancona, the weight and character of the additional testimony corroborating the admiralty's report and the number of Americans killed or injured, are in no way essential matters of discussion. The culpability of the commander is in any case established, and the undisputed fact is that citizens of the United States were killed, injured or put in jeopardy by his lawless act."

"The rules of international law and the principles of humanity which were thus willfully violated by the commander of the submarine have been so long and so universally recognized and are so manifest from the standpoint of right and justice that the government of the United States does not feel called upon to debate them and does not understand that the imperial and royal government questions or disputes them."

The government of the United States, therefore, finds no other course open to it but to hold the imperial and royal government responsible for the act of its naval commander and to renew the definite but respectful demands made in its communication of Dec. 6, 1915.

"It sincerely hopes that the foregoing statement of its position will enable the imperial and royal government to perceive the justice of those demands and to comply with them in the same spirit of frankness and with the same concern for the good relations now existing between the United States and Austria-Hungary which prompted the government of the United States to make them."

SIGNS OF YIELDING

New Ancona Note Makes Good Impression on Austrian Officials

London, Dec. 24.—Dispatches from Vienna report that Austrian official circles are gratified at the comparative moderation of the American note on the Ancona. No reply, it is stated, is likely to be made before the New Year. The situation is regarded as less acute.

It is considered possible that Baron Burian, the Austria-Hungarian foreign minister, will visit Berlin before the answer is delivered.

Movie Men Start Big Suit
New York, Dec. 21.—A suit demanding treble damages of \$750,000, under the Sherman anti-trust law, was filed here by the Imperial Film Exchange of New York against ten leading manufacturers and lessors of motion picture films. The complaint alleges that the defendants conspired to ruin its business and accomplished their purpose.

Draper Left Many Millions
Worcester, Mass., Dec. 22.—The estate of the late Governor Eben S. Draper amounted to \$6,328,730.08, according to an appraisal filed in the probate court here.

Death of General Jung
Amsterdam, Dec. 24.—The death of the German general, Karl Jung at Thiancourt, France, is announced. Death was due to apoplexy. Jung for a time was governor of East Flanders.

Hunting For Treasurer Murphy
Chicago, Dec. 22.—Chicago police have been asked to search for John J. Murphy, treasurer of the Marble Savings bank of Rutland, Vt., who disappeared Nov. 26.

BANK DIRECTORS HELD RESPONSIBLE

Must Make Good For Thefts Amounting to \$265,000

Boston, Dec. 20.—Reversing the decision of Judge Harris as master, Judge Bingham of the United States district court ruled that the directors of the National City bank of Cambridge are responsible for money looted from the institution by George W. Coleman, assisted by William J. Kellier.

The decision was made in the suit of John L. Bates, receiver of the National City bank of Cambridge, against the directors. The sum awarded amounts to about \$265,000 and will decrease the losses of the depositors by that amount.

FORD REMAINS BEHIND

Peace Expedition Leaves Christiania Without Its Leader

Christiania, Dec. 24.—Henry Ford was compelled to remain in Christiania while his peace expedition set sail for Stockholm.

After making a protest against the order of his physician that he stay in the Norwegian capital until he had completely recovered from an attack of influenza, complicated with a threat of pneumonia, the peace leader finally decided to obey.

Fredrick Dahlbinger, a personal friend, remained with Ford. H. W. Huebsch and E. O. Jones also remained in Christiania.

SUFFRAGE GETS \$2,500,000

Refusal to Set Aside Decree Admitting Leslie Will to Probate

New York, Dec. 24.—Application of heirs at law of Mrs. Frank Leslie's husband to have set aside the decree admitting her will to probate in order to institute a contest was denied in a decision handed down by Surrogate Fowler.

Under Mrs. Leslie's will nearly \$2,000,000 was left to the woman suffrage movement. The surrogate finds the applicants, who are neither next of kin nor heirs at law of Mrs. Leslie, have no ground whatever for seeking a share of the estate.

FIRE PERHAPS INCENDIARY

Two Hosemen Killed and One Badly Injured in Boston Blaze

Boston, Dec. 22.—With everything pointing to incendiarism, five independent investigations have been started of the fire in the brick building at 349-357 Cambridge street, where two hosemen lost their lives and another was probably fatally injured.

The state and city authorities are determined to fix the responsibility for the deaths of Hosemen Charles C. Willett and Dennis A. Walsh and the terrible injuries of Hoseman William J. McCarthy.

PROVES HE IS "BEST MAN"

Steals Friend's Bride and Then Whips the Forsaken Groom

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Dec. 21.—Anthony Manzi of Hoboken, N. J., is held here by the police on a charge of desertion. Manzi was best man at the wedding of his friend, Salvatore Donatti, and soon thereafter deserted his own wife and eloped with the bride.

Donatti came here looking for the missing couple. They chanced to meet on the street, and immediately mixed. Manzi was again the "best man."

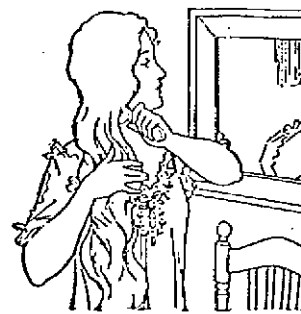
SPRING SKIRTS FOR GIRLIES

Fashion Decries That They Must Be Twelve Inches From Ground

Chicago, Dec. 24.—"More pep" for grandma's togs is style's slogan for spring, the Chicago Garment Manufacturers' association announced. Youthful lines are absolutely necessary for older women, they said.

For the young ones, skirts will be some four or five inches shorter and glances considerably longer. Twelve inches from the ground is the ultra-proper length for skirts.

Why Not Rely On Cuticura



To Care for Your Hair and Scalp

The Soap to cleanse and purify. The Ointment to soothe and heal.

Samples Free by Mail
Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 25¢ box. Address post-card "Cuticura," Dept. 137, Boston.

MANY A MAN In Good Circumstances

puts off saving a portion of his income until his days are well spent, and his earning capacity decreases.

It is expedient to save now and deposit in the bank each week a portion of your income.

We will be pleased to receive your account, and will allow you a liberal rate of interest on your deposits.

4 per cent. Interest Paid on Participation Accounts.

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY,

Office with Newport Trust Company.

The National Exchange Bank.

At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, November 10, 1915.

RESOURCES.			
Loans and Discounts		\$97,807.17	
Overdrafts, unsecured		182.21	
U. S. Bonds deposited (to secure circulation (par value)	10,000.00		
Securities of other (para U. S. Bonds (not including stocks)		100,000.00	
Owned unpledged	150,822.00		
Total bonds, securities, etc.		\$150,822.00	
Subscription to stock of Federal Reserve Bank	5,000.00		
Less amount unpaid	(750.00)		
Banking House		4,500.00	
Other Real Estate owned		2,700.00	
Due from Federal Reserve Bank		10,757.38	
Due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis	12,431.57		
Due from banks and bankers (other than above)	45,211.14		
Outside Checks and other Cash Items		52,181.71	
Fractional Currency	1,110.99		
Notes of other National Banks	544.07		
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, viz:		4,720.00	
Total coin and certificates		41,231.60	
Legal-tender notes		3,227.00	
Redeemable notes with U. S. Treasurer (not more than 5 per cent. on circulation)		5,000.00	
TOTAL		\$308,292.37	
LIABILITIES.			
Capital stock paid in		\$100,000.00	
Surplus fund		65,000.00	
Undivided Profits		20,474.87	
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid		7,251.00	
Circulating Notes		21,711.88	
Due to Banks and Bankers (other than above)		\$41,000.00	
Dividends unpaid		57,127.17	
Indiv. dual deposits subject to check		25.00	
Certificates of deposit due in less than 90 days		42,823.47	
Certified checks		35,033.47	
		117.11	
TOTAL		\$308,292.37	

County of Newport, ss:
I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of November, 1915.
GEO. H. PROUD, Cashier.
Correct Attest:
PAULER HUSMAN, Notary Public
EDWARD S. PECKHAM,
EDWARD A. BROWN,
WILLIAM R. HARVEY, Directors.

Winter Vacations in the

White Highlands

Of New England

Invigorating snow and ice sports; the thrilling mile-long sleet on bob-sled or toboggan; snow-shoeing or skiing; skating, hockey, curling, ice-boating, on mountain lakes.

For booklet "An Outdoor Enthusiast" write to Advertising Department, New Haven.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Chafing Dishes

With an ALCOHOL LAMP With ELECTRICITY

you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the cooking.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

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DANCING ORDERS

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Are you planning a dance? You want FINE DANCING ORDERS. That's where we live.

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VISIT US AND BE CONVINCED

Kicker—Who does the baby look like.
Becker—He is neutral.—New York Times.

SITUATION WANTED by gardener. (Fit vale place.) First class recommendation, five years in Rhode Island. Age 31, married, one child. Ablest, twenty years extensive experience. Fruit and flowers, hardy and underglass. Vegetables etc.
Address B.1.W. S. Box 824, Peace Dale R. I.

John Henry on Christmas Presents

By GEORGE V. HOBART

SAY! Did you ever take what little was left and start out to buy friend a Christmas token?

A quaint pastime, is it not? Well, to make a long story lose its cunning, I clicked a few iron men together recently and started out to find something new and nifty in the gift line for Peaches.

I was breezing for a department store when I ran across Hep Hardy, limping in the direction of a taxicab stand.

"Up late, aren't you, Hep?" I inquired, glancing at the Waterbury.

"I sure am running behind my schedule this morning, John, Hep wheezed. 'Accident!'"

"What's the matter? Fuse blow out and leave you and your favorite bartender in darkness?" I ventured.

"Nix," he answered; "I interpolated a new step in the Tango about five this a. m. and my partner, an impulsive little thing from Spokane, didn't get my signal, with the result that she stepped on me and lost one of her French heels somewhere between my ankle and my instep. I had to wait till a Doctor Shop was open so he could probe for it. The medicine peddler found it all right and my left wheel is a bit wobbly, but I'll be in the roped arena tonight when the bell rings, clamoring for my favorite rag, you can bet on that, John, old pal."

"The dance bug has you for fair, hasn't it, Hep?" I laughed.

"Not at all," Hep came back; "but like a lot of other ginks who have been going through life with stoop shoulders and plantation feet I've suddenly discovered how to be graceful and I have to stay up all night to see if other people notice it. Where are you going?"

"I'm going down to see one of those stores and make a fool out of fifty dollars—little Christmas presents for Peaches," I answered.

"Fifty dollars!" Hep sneered. "Say, John, if I had a wife, and we were speaking to each other, fifty dollars wouldn't buy the ribbon around the bundle. Fifty dollars! You make a noise like a pike."

"Sure!" I snapped back. "If you had a wife you'd take her down to your favorite jewelry store and let the clerks throw diamonds at her till they tell exhausted. But I'm just a regular



A Lot of Eager Dames Were Pawing Over Some Chinchilla Ribbon.

human being, working for a living, and every time I see a hundred dollar bill I get red in the face and want a drink of water. You know, Hep, my father didn't spend his life wrapping it up in bundles and throwing it into an iron woodshed against the time I became old enough to use it as a torch!"

"Say!" chirped Hep, who hadn't paid the slightest attention to what I was saying, "why don't you get her an emerald necklace? Some idea—what? I saw one the other day for \$3,000. Wait a minute! I'll give you a card to the manager."

"Give it to the chauffeur," I said as I pushed Hep into the taxi. "By the time he gets you home you'll owe him enough to buy emeralds."

Then I left him flat and moseyed off for a department store to get a Christmas present for friend wife.

Say! did you ever get tangled up in one of those department store mobs and have a crowd of perfect ladies use you for a doorman?

I got mine!

They certainly taught me the Huer-ta glide, all right!

At the door a nice young man with a pink necktie and a quick forehead bowed to me.

"What do you wish?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "I'm down here to get a Christmas present for friend

wife. I would like something which would afford her great pleasure when I give it to her and which I could use afterward as a penwiper or a fishing rod."

"Second floor—to the right—take the elevator," said the man.

Did you ever try to take an elevator in a department store and find that 3,943 other American citizens and citizenettes were also trying to take the same elevator?

How sweet it is to mingle in the arms of utter strangers and to feel the pressure of a foot we never hope to meet again!

I was standing by one of the counters on the second floor when a shrill voice crept up over a few bites of dry



The Pale Young Woman Fainted.

goods and said, "Are you a buyer or a händler?"

"I am looking for a Christmas present for friend wife," I answered. "I want to get something that will look swell on the parlor table and may be used later on as a tobacco jar or a trouser stretcher!"

"Fourth floor—to the left—take the elevator!" said the shrill voice, but shriller.

With bowed head I walked away. I began to feel sorry for friend wife. Nobody seemed to be very much interested whether she got a Christmas present or not.

On the fourth floor I stopped at a counter where a lot of eager dames were pawing over some chinchilla ribbon and chiffon overskirts.

It reminded me of the way an emotional hen digs up a grub in the garden.

I enjoyed the excitement of the game for about ten minutes and then I said to the clerk behind the counter who was refereeing the match, "Can you tell me where I can buy a sterling silver Christmas present for friend wife which I could use afterward as a night key or a bath sponge?"

"Fifth floor—to the rear—take the elevator!" said the clerk.

On the fifth floor I went over to a table where a young lady was selling "The Life and Libraries of Andrew Carnegie" at four dollars a month and fifty cents a week, and in three years it is yours if you don't lose the receipts.

She gave me a glad smile and I felt a thrill of encouragement.

"Excuse me," I said, "but I am looking for a Christmas present for friend wife which will make all the neighbors jealous, and which I can use afterward as an ash receiver or a pocket flask."

The young lady cut out the giggles and pointed to the northwest.

I went over there.

To my surprise I found another counter.

A pale young woman was behind it. I was just about to ask her the fatal question when a young man wearing a ragtime expression on his face rushed up and said to the pale young lady behind the counter: "I am looking for a suitable present for a young lady friend of mine with golden brown hair. Could you please suggest something?"

The pale young woman showed her teeth and answered him in a low, rumbling voice, and the man went away.

Then came an old lady who said: "I bought some organdie dress goods for a shirt waist last Tuesday, and I would like to exchange them for a music box for my daughter's little boy, Freddie, if you please!"

The pale young woman again showed her teeth and the old lady ducked for cover.

After about fifty people had rushed up to the pale young woman and then rushed away again, I went over and spoke to her.

"I am looking," I said, "for a Christmas present for friend wife. I want to get something that will give her a great amount of pleasure and which I can use later on as a pipe cleaner or a pair of suspenders!"

The pale young woman faints, so I moved over.

At another counter another young lady said to me: "Have you been waited on?"

"No," I replied; "I have been stepped on, sat on and walked on, but I have not yet been waited on."

"What do you wish?" inquired the young woman.

"I am looking for a Christmas present for friend wife," he said. "I want to buy her something that will bring great joy to her heart, and which I might use afterward as a pair of slippers or a shaving mug."

The young lady caught me with her dreamy eyes and held me up against the wall.

"You," she screamed, "you complete

a total of 25,493 people who have been in this department store today without knowing what they are doing here, and I refuse to be a human envelope for the sake of eight dollars a week. Go on, now; throw yourself in to second speed and climb the hill!"

I began to apologize, but she reached down under the counter and pulled out a club.

"This," she said, with a wild look in her side lamps, "this is happy Yuletide, but, nevertheless, the next guy that leaves his brains at home and tries to make me tell him what is a good Christmas present for his wife will get a bitter wallop across the forehead!"

The girl was right, so I went home without a present.

I suppose I'll have to take Hep's tip and get those emeralds after all.

But first I'll go down to the delicatessen store and see if there's anything there.

THE MYSTERY OF CHRISTMAS

One Day of the Year That All Other Days Are Learning to Envy and Imitate.

It seems to me that always, as the 24th of December commenced to shorten, the white, fleecy snow began to fall, says a writer in the Craftsman.

When the street lamps flickered up like candles on an altar, they gazed on a world that was white. The strife of the city was muffled. Cars went by, but you had to peer out through the blinds to know that they were passing—they made no sound.

An atmosphere of gentleness had descended. Everyone in the house went about with stealth, as though planning some secret kindness.

And then the night and the trying to keep awake till Santa Claus should come. And the waking up, with the frost weaving patterns on the panes. Somewhere far away a harp was being played, and a cornet was challenging the silence. The tune they played was an accompaniment to the most beautiful legend in the world. At first, dreamily, you tried to remember why for once the darkness was not frightening, and then, "Ah, it's Christmas!"

As you turned, your feet made the paper crack, and at the end of the bed you were too content and happy even to look at your presents. Why was it that next day everybody and everything was different? The air was full of bells ringing riotously. Every one, for this one day, ceased to think of his own happiness and found happiness in bringing cheerfulness to others. The stern gulf which is fixed between children and grown-ups had vanished—there weren't any grown-ups. Somewhere in your childish heart you wondered why every day couldn't be made a day of kindness.

And that wonder of a child's heart is the Christmas message. Once a year, by a divine conspiracy, all the aches of our hopes and fears turn back from their voracious to the harbor of tenderness. They are borne back on the crest of a white tide of mysticism that sweeps round the world. A trace of God is declared to all fightings, and men and women walk as children through a world that is kind. They commence to give and cease to annex; they act in the belief that God is in his heaven. The spirit is one tremulous while day of unselfishness—a day which gradually some other days in the year are learning to envy and imitate.

Why We Burn Candles.

The custom of burning candles on the Christmas tree comes from two sources. The Romans burned candles at the feast of Saturn as a sign of good cheer, while the Jews burned candles during the feast of the Dedication, which happened to fall about the same time as that of Saturn in the Roman calendar. It is quite possible that for this reason there would have been many candles burning all over Palestine about the time of the birth of Christ, and from this comes the term "Feast of Lights," which is the name used in the Greek church for Christmas day.

A Christmas Hint.

To those who may have become tired of the old-fashioned games usual at Christmas the following may be found suitable:

Hunt up a lot of poor people that have not got any Christmas dinner and go and give them one.

N. B.—This game may be played by any number of persons.

Welcome to Christmas!

Christmas, crown 'o the year! Golden clasp to its round of light and shadow. Truly the bells of it shall ring out, "Plague I banish, peace I bring!" Welcome it royally. Spread out for soul and sense a feast of good things.—Martha McWilliams.

Pan-America.

The combined area of pan-America, exclusive of Canada, is 12,000,000 square miles, of which the Latin American countries occupy approximately 9,000,000 and the United States 3,000,000. This physical extent of pan-America is better realized when it is compared with that of Europe which has 3,750,000 square miles, with Africa, which has 11,500,000, and with Asia, which has 17,000,000.

Pan-America's real greatness, significance and power in world relations are emphasized by appreciation of its present population and the future possibilities for a vast increase. Its twenty-one nations are now boast of a population of 180,000,000, of which 100,000,000 are living in United States territory and 80,000,000 in Latin America.—John Barrett, in North American Review.

The Color of Air.

Pure air is blue in tint because, according to Newton, the molecules of the air have the thickness necessary to reflect blue rays. When the atmosphere is blended with perceptible vapors the diffused light is mixed with a large proportion of white.

Santa Mike— A Christmas Convict Story

By T. C. BRIDGES

AT THE December night closed across the desolate moor, the snow ceased falling, the clouds broke, and a brilliant moon shed its silver light across the wide stretches of rolling whiteness. With the change, it began to freeze fiercely, coating the sudden drifts with a crisp film of ice.

At every step Mike Dempsey's tired feet broke through the coating, and sank deep into soft stuff beneath, making the traveling so terribly hard that, in spite of the bitter cold, perspiration stood in beads on his thin, brown face.

He was breathing hard, and evidently desperately weary, yet he never stopped for a moment, though now and then, as he plowed his way onwards, he would turn his head and cast an apprehensive glance back over his shoulder.

Had anyone been near enough to watch him, they would easily have understood his haste. The drab livery plainly bespoken with broad arrows marked him as one of the state's unwilling guests. As a matter of fact, Mike Dempsey had been for the last three years a prison inmate, and it was with the intention of escaping another seven years of unappreciated hospitality that he had, a few hours previously, "done a bunk" under cover of the sudden snowstorm.

"Two puzzled him across, that's a wan thing sure," he muttered to himself, and in spite of his fatigue a slight chuckle escaped his thin lips. "But faith, I've puzzled myself, too, and I don't know where I am no more than Adam."

"If I could only get a landmark of some sort!" he went on. "Faint I could find my road to the railway, I'd win clear. Mike Dempsey wasn't a heavy sinner years for nothing."

He crunched his slow way across a flat valley, jumped a little brook and pushed up the steep slope beyond.

A gleam of light in the next valley attracted his attention. It came from a lighted window, and there was something comforting to the lonely fugitive in the red glow cast upon the glittering snow. Without hesitation, he started downhill toward it.

Presently he was cautiously approaching a small house, which stood in a tiny garden surrounded by a low dry-stone wall. There was a gate in front, but Mike preferred to approach

from the back, and clambering gingerly over the wall crept up to the window from which the light came.

Raising himself till his head was on a level with the sill, he peered through the uncurtained window into a barely furnished living room, lighted by a great fire of glowing turf.

A couch stood in one corner, on which lay a youngish man whose bandaged head showed him to be the victim of some accident. On a chair beside him sat a sweet-faced woman, and on the bare earthen floor played two children—a curly-haired boy of about seven, and a chubby girl a year or so younger.

But what arrested Mike's attention was a little fir tree, not more than four feet high, which stood planted in an old bucket, on the table in the middle of the room.

For a moment it puzzled Mike. Then he gave a little gasp.

It was a Man Lying Flat on His Face.

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"Beggor, if it ain't a Christmas tree! Why, the Christmas eve, I do believe, though, faith, I'd lost track of the date in the old stone fog on the hill. But where's the presents?" "As bare as my own pocket," he went on wonderingly.

At that moment the boy got up, and going forward to the woman, pulled at her dress to attract her attention.

"Mother, isn't Santa Claus coming? He's awful late. We shan't have no Christmas tree if he doesn't come soon."

"It's the snow, dearie," explained the mother. "Such a bad storm that I expect he was late in starting. But now it's cleared up, I darsay he'll be here soon."

Her words were cheery, but Mike caught the anxious glance she gave her husband.

"Go out and see if William's in eight yet, Alice," said the man. "He ought to have been here an hour ago. I only hope nothing has happened to the poor old fellow."

Mike dropped on hands and knees behind the angle of the wall as the door opened, and the woman stood on the threshold looking out down the empty snow-covered valley.

Somehow the pathos of the bare little Christmas tree and the anxious family appealed to his hardened old soul, and when the door closed again he rose to his feet, and instead of following out his first intention and entering the house to demand food and clothes, climbed the wall again and made off down the valley.

"If William's coming this way, there'll be a road of sorts," he said to himself.

And sure enough there was. Though covered deep in snow, he found that there was a path down the valley, which he had little doubt would lead eventually to the main road to town.

He had gone another mile when a dark patch in the snow straight ahead attracted his attention, and he caught his breath sharply as he stopped beside it.

For it was a man lying flat on his face, and, judging by the snow which almost covered his body, he had been there in the same position for some time. Beside him lay a half-filled sack, also covered with snow.

Mike gave a sharp glance around. The moonlight horizon was still bare. He stooped and turned the man over.

"Dead!" he muttered. "Dead and cold!" as he laid his hand against the chill cheek.

For a moment he stood staring at the dead man's face, which was that of a little old man, wizened and bearded, and very much of Mike's own type and build.

Then, like a flash, it came to the convict that here at last was his chance, and a thrill shot through his weary frame.

"He'll not need them duds any more," he muttered, and, dropping on his knees in the snow, began with trembling fingers to strip the dead man of his clothes.

They were worn and old, but to Mike as precious as broadcloth, for once he was rid of his convict garb, he had multiplied his chances of escape a hundredfold.

Not till he had completed the whole change of costume down to boots and hat, and had buried his broad arrows deep in a neighboring drift, did Mike bethink himself of the sack.

He snatched it up eagerly, hoping it might contain food, and turned the contents out upon the snow.

A small drum, a bag of lead soldiers, a cheap doll, a box of wax tapers, and one of crackers, and a couple of packets of sweets. Not an article of the lot which had cost 25 cents, and the value of the whole not five dollars.

Mike stood and stared at them. The box of soldiers had fallen open. He stooped and picked up the little painted figures, and replaced them carefully.

"So 'twas poor old Santa Claus," he muttered. "And the children will be waiting on him. 'Twas hard luck intirely."

Again he bent down and quickly bundled everything back into the sack. He laid this by the dead body, and turning on his heel, walked rapidly away.

He could not be more than four or five miles from the town now, and with his knowledge of railway matters it would be easy enough to stow away in a truck, and lying under a tarpaulin be carried scores of miles away from the hated prison. Besides there was money in his trousers pockets. Only a little, but plenty to buy food and drink, a clay pipe, and a plug of tobacco.

Mike's mouth watered as he thought of a square meal.

He tried to keep his thoughts on the prospect of these almost forgotten luxuries, yet, somehow it was difficult. The picture seen through the cottage window kept rising before his mind, and though he did his best to thrust it aside, the effort was unavailing.

Long years ago Mike had a home of his own, a wife, and a baby. Wife and baby both had died, swept away in a week by an epidemic of diphtheria, and that had been the beginning of the Irish navy's downfall. But he had never forgotten them, and tonight they seemed strangely near him.

A sound between a grunt and a groan burst from his lips; he stopped and looked back.

"'Tis a fool ye are, Mike Dempsey!" he exclaimed aloud. "Gilt along wid ye, and don't be delaying for the screws to nab ye!"

Again he started forward, but more slowly than before, and he had not gone a hundred yards before once more he came to a dead stop.

"'Tis no use," he groaned. "I'll just run back an lave thin things at the dure. There'll be time to reach town by midnight."

The bitter wind was in his face as he turned back up the hill, but now Mike did not hesitate for a moment. Head down, he hurried onwards, and presently was again beside the corpse of Santa Claus' frozen messenger.

Without a glance at the body he snatched up the sack, flung it over his shoulder, and continued his way

the valley.

The glow from the lighted window threw its red beam across the snow as he rounded the curve and came within sight of the lonely cottage and a corresponding glow warmed Mike's heart as he thought of the pleasure of the children when they found their long-delayed Christmas gifts.

Seeing no sign of life, he slipped in at the front gate, and, stooping very quietly by the path, gained the door, dropped his sack, and giving one sharp tap, turned the bolt.

But he had not counted on the eager children, and before he could get round



"All Right," He Said Sullenly, "I'll Come Quiet."

the angle of the house curly-locks came flying after him.

"William, where is Santa Claus?" piped the childish treble.

"It ain't William, sonny. Tell your mammy as William's got lost, and I brought the things instead. Now I've got to go, for I'm in a mighty hurry."

"I expect you are!" came a jeering voice, and a blue-uniformed man carrying a carbine stepped out from the dark shadow round the corner, followed instantly by a second.

Mike gave one glance around. But he was cornered. The wall cut off escape.

"All right," he said sullenly, "I'll come quiet."

"You'd better," retorted the warder, whose temper long hours in the snow had not improved.

"Mammy, the policemen have took Santa Claus," cried the little lad.

Mike glanced up. The boy's mother was standing by, her face blank with amazement.

"What does this mean?" she cried. "Is it William?"

"Not unless he's changed his name since morning, missus," replied the warder. "He was Michael Dempsey when he bunked from Moorlands just after dinner."

"But I don't understand. He's got William Croker's clothes on, and he's brought the things from Ashington that William went to fetch."

The other warder—a grizzled, elderly man—shook his head.

"You've got me, missus. I don't know what his little game is no more than you."

"Most like he has murdered William," put in the younger warder sourly.

"He said William was lost, mammy," explained the boy, "so he's brought the things instead. And here they is, all safe."

"Best make a clean breast of it, Dempsey," suggested the older warder.

"Go and find out yourself," flashed the old convict. "William's down the valley there."

"You take the chap into the house, George," said the older warder. "I'll go down and see."

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Demonstration Farms Shows Big Yields.
Maine Results Indicate Possibilities of Diversified Farming in New England.
Seventy-six bushels of oats per acre, 105 bushels of potatoes per acre, sweet corn that sold for \$174.71 per acre, nine tons of silage corn, per acre in the orchard, are the results obtained by the University of Maine in their farm demonstration work this year. The quality of all the products was high and the yields large, despite adverse conditions. High grade commercial fertilizer was used on all the crops. The demonstration will be continued next year. Farmers who care to know the exact methods used may secure complete information by writing Mr. D. Jones, Orange, Maine, the County Extension Representative.

EFFECT OF WARM UPON GRAIN PRICES.
"Our million bushel wheat crop in 1916 would under ordinary conditions mean 60 cent wheat, \$3.00 flour and \$9.00 feed. The war has changed all that to \$1.15 wheat, to \$7.00 and \$3.00 flour and \$25.00 to \$5.00 feed," declares a writer in the New York Times. "Milk producers in this territory should study the cost side of their business. As feed is the main cost element, producers need to study the production of feeds on their home farms. They can double their grass output and reduce the cost of hay and pasture 50 per cent. They can put up more silage, grow more root crops for their cows, and grow clover and alfalfa." New England farmers are faced with the same conditions as exist in New York State. Still more extensive methods are needed, and greater attention to the growing of small grains and forage crops, not only for the more profitable returns annually, but for the upbuilding of the soil fertility.

CORN CHAMPION BREAKS OWN RECORD.
Dowey Hanes, of Ohio raises 65 bushels of wheat and 153 bushels of corn per acre this year.
"I plowed my acre eight inches deep. It was then disked four times with double cutaway disk, harrowed, rolled and planted May 1st. It was harrowed after corn was planted; then after corn was two inches high, it was cultivated four times," says Dowey Hanes, the Ohio corn and wheat champion, who won the State contest in 1912 and 1916, and in addition averaged 65 and 35 bushels of wheat per acre from a five acre plot this year. In 1912 he raised 130 bushels of corn from his acre. This year he raised 153 bushels.
"In 1912 I used 600 pounds of high grade fertilizer on my corn acre, and in 1916 I used the same. Eight loads of manure were also placed on the field each year," says the 17-year old champion, when asked how he fed his corn so successfully.

REQUIREMENTS FOR ALFALFA SUCCESS.
Expert explains what is needed to Grow Valuable Crop.
"Good drainage, good tillage, good seed, lime when the soil is sour, an abundance of well balanced, available plant food, and intelligent handling of the crop are all that is needed to obtain success with alfalfa," says Prof. Henry C. Bell, Chief Agronomist of the Soil Improvement Committee of the National Fertilizer Association. "Alfalfa is an exceedingly deep rooted plant, reaching from four to six feet; even greater root depths have been reported. The great bulk of feeding roots, however, cluster in the surface two feet of the soil. The soil on which a deep rooted plant thrives must necessarily be well drained, either naturally or artificially, otherwise water, which fills the spaces between the soil particles, smother the roots of the plant. Where good drainage has been practiced, alfalfa has nearly always been found to succeed if suitable plant food is available."

RESTORING LAND IN HAMPTON COUNTY.
Increasing Value by attention to Soil Fertility Requirements.
"If all the land formerly cultivated in Hampton County, Mass., can be brought again under cultivation and the land now under cultivation restored to its maximum fertility, the value of the annual output of the principal crops will be increased from less than three million to nine and one half million dollars annually," says John Scheuerle, general secretary of the Improvement Bureau. Thousands of fruit trees have been sprayed, pruned and fertilized, scientific methods brought into general use and the work of restoring the fertility through the use of manures, fertilizers and cultural methods pushed forward throughout the county.

IGNORANCE GREATEST DRAWBACK TO POTATO GROWING. Says Expert. Marketing System also Blamed by Dr. Horton at recent Conference.

"Ignorance of production and possible uses, coupled with defective marketing systems, are the greatest obstacles to all kinds of farming, particularly the growing of potatoes. Market success requires that there be grading and standardization, and some use for the percentage which does not come up to the market requirements," said Dr. H. E. Horton, Agricultural Commissioner, at the Conference of Marketing and Rural Credits, at Chicago, November 30th. "The production drawbacks can easily be remedied, by the use of fertilizer and plant selection to increase the yield and improve the quality. A study of the industrial uses of a crop will show how it can be utilized for profit, regardless of over-production or under-consumption."
That potatoes are being used for starch, alcohol, potato flour and other industrial purposes in Germany was brought out by the speaker. Importations to the United States had started before the war and there is at present a great opportunity in the utilization of potatoes for industrial purposes. Before the war, potato flour sold in Chicago at five cents per pound in bulk. It is now practically absent from the market.

"You remember selling me some hair-restorer when I called the other day to get shaved, you hoary-headed old thief!" roared the indignant customer. "You said it under false pretenses, sir. You said it would restore my head to its original condition."
"Well, didn't it work?" asked the barber.

"Work? No. It's taken off what little hair I used to have, and I am as bald as the pavement now."
"That's quite right, said it would restore your head to its original condition, and you know, sir, most of us are born bald."—Exchange.

Customer—Are these shoes too far gone for repair?
Bootmaker—No, I don't think so. A new pair of uppers, with soles, and heels, will make 'em all right. The laces seem fairly good.

Fighting Moths With Parasites.
Work Against Gipsy and Brown-tail Moths Shows Encouraging Results.
Over 12,000,000 specimens of two parasites which prey on the gipsy moth and brown-tail moth were released in 201 towns in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island during the fall of 1914 and spring of 1915, according to the annual report of the Bureau of Entomology, United States Department of Agriculture.
As a result of the successful establishment of colonies of these and other parasites which feed on the gipsy and brown-tail moths, marked progress is being made in reducing these pests. Effective co-operation is being afforded by the States, which carry on as much work as possible within the infested areas, thus allowing the Federal authorities to carry on field work along the outer border of infestation, so as to retard the gipsy moth's spread.

BEHEAD OF THE GIPSY MOTHS.
As a result of scouting work carried on by the entomologists in 23 towns in New England, the gipsy moth was found in 4 towns in Maine, 23 in New Hampshire, 3 in Vermont, 10 in Massachusetts, and 10 in Connecticut, making a total of 60 towns where the insect had not been previously reported. This scouting consists in an examination of all roadsides, residential sections, orchards and woodlands. Where colonies are found the egg clusters are treated with creosote and the trees are banded with tree tanglefoot and sprayed and sprayed with arsenate of lead.

BROWN-TAIL MOTHS DECREASING.
The spread of the brown-tail moth during the past year has been considerable, the indications being that this pest has not infested any territory other than that already reported. In cooperation with the United States Lighthouse Service, the work of collecting moths at night along the coast of Connecticut and Long Island has been continued.

Trading in the Trenches.
War has occasional amenities that modify its horrors, as the following story, told by one of the actors therein, goes to show. The tale appeared in the London Daily News. It's truth is vouched for by that newspaper:
A white flag rose slowly from a German trench, and moved itself about to attract attention. British rifles in the trench across the way were at once fixed on it. A hand appeared beneath the flag. Then came an arm and a head, and presently their owner, a German captain of infantry, clambered from the trench. He flapped the white flag and advanced slowly but confidently. When he was within 20 yards away he was ordered to halt. He did, and a British officer inquired his business.

"The German answered in perfect English. 'I want to have a few words with you chaps. I want to ask a favor.'
"What are those parcels under your arms, then? What are they for?"
"Don't worry about them," said the German. He was warned that rifles covered him. The defenders of the trench could not risk having explosives buried among them.
The German captain reached the British trenches and jumped down. "I've come to beg some tea," he explained. "We haven't had a cup of tea for a fortnight. Our supply has gone wrong. Give us some of yours and you can have these two boxes of cigars. They're fine, too. You'll like 'em. I'm in the trade. Before the war I'd been in the business for more than a dozen years in London, in a shop on Bond street."

So they made him welcome, and invited him to have tea with them then and there—they were just preparing it—and he stayed and they all talked of London, and nothing about the war. Afterward they gave him a pound or two of tea, and he got out of the trench and was returning to his own.

A few yards off he turned back and called out: "Any of you likely to be seeing London, shortly?"

A soldier replied: "Yes, I expect to go home there on leave in a day or two."

"Well, would you mind calling on my wife—she's there with our six children—and telling her how you saw me, and that I am unhurt and well? You know how hard it would be for me to get a letter through. She hasn't heard from me."

"Certainly, I will. What's the address?"

"Number—Holloway Road."

"Did you call?" asked a friend of the soldier, when he related the story in London.

"Of course. It was no trouble. His wife lived next door to my mother in Holloway Road."

Got Him at Last.
Old Eben was walking along the street one morning and one of his arms was in a sling. Mrs. Horton, who had often employed the old fellow for odd jobs, happened to meet him and asked: "Why, Eben, have you met with an accident?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Eben. "I did, I've done up now, for sho'! You see dis arm in de sling, ma'am, don't you?"

"Yes, Eben," said the woman sympathetically, "what has happened?"

"Well, ma'am," the old colored man answered, "I'll be 71 years ol' nex' harvest. I done see lots ob trouble in my day, ma'am, but by de grace er God I miss de Kuklux, an' I miss de Whitecaps, ma'am, an' I miss de Vigilance Committee, an' de Regulators, an' now, ma'am, here in my ole age dem waxators ketched me!"—New York Times.

Silent Enthusiasm.
Theodore Watts, says Charles Rowley, his book, "Fifty Years of Work Without Wages," tells a story against himself. A nature enthusiast, he was climbing Snowdon and overtook an old gipsy woman. He began to dilate upon the sublimity of the scenery in somewhat gushing phrases. The woman paid no attention to him. Provoked by her irresponsiveness, he said: "You don't seem to care for this magnificent scenery?"

"She took the pipe from her mouth and delivered this settler: 'I enjoys it; I don't jabber.'—Exchange.

"It appears to be your record, Mary Moselle," said the magistrate, "that you have been 35 times convicted of stealing."

"I guess, your honor," replied Mary, "that is right. No woman is perfect."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Generally the woman decides that the man shall decide to marry her.—Boston Transcript.

All Sorts.
"When is an auto not an auto?"
"Give it up."
"Why, when it turns turtle."—Exchange.
Little Lempel—What is a fame, paw? Paw—Fame, son, is a high ladder, with grease on each rung.—Indianapolis Star.
Hub—I've got a job in a glue factory. Wife—Good! I hope you will stick there.
"Papa, what do you call a man who runs an auto?"
"It depends upon how near he comes to hitting me."—Houston Post.
Romeo was swearing by the moon. "Nothing, doing," protested Juliet. The moon is a dead one.—New York Sun.
"Paw, what's meant 'burning the midnight oil'?"
"Joyriding, my son."—Buffalo Express.

An Oriental princess travelling in this country quoted the following saying she had heard at home about Eve and the apple: "The Evil One didn't give the apple to the man, but to the woman, because the Evil One knew that the man would eat it himself, but the woman would eat halves."

Teacher—What is the by-product of alcohol?
Pupil (promptly)—Drunken Man—Exchange.

Hum (musingly)—As Lincoln said, a man may fool some of the people all the time and all the people some of the time.

Wife (wistfully)—But you can't fool me any of the time.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe. She had so many children she'd nothing to do.

They went to the factory to labor for bread. While she spent the time very snugly in bed. —Life.

Many a girl in musical comedy who has a beautiful soprano voice fails because she can't kick as high as she can sing.—Philadelphia Record.

Naggy—"Do you know whether the Siamese twins were from the humber class of their country?"

Yaggy—"I had always had the idea that were pretty well connected."

Jones—I don't see your husband at the club of late, Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown—"No, he stays at home now and enjoys life in his own way as I want him to."—Houston Chronicle.

Earmytrude—I'm terribly worried. Dear Harold is coming home on leave, and he tells me he tells me he's captured seven Germans. Now I really haven't the faintest idea what to do with them.—Weekly Telegraph.

"I must hurry home. My wife will scold me for being late."
"Calm yourself. Being a trifle late isn't very serious."

"No, but when my wife starts scolding she goes back to 1895.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Are you getting any of the war order business?" "Yes, indeed. We've sold two sets of dishes and four rolling pins to Mrs. Jiggs within the last fortnight."—Buffalo Express.

"Father," said the young man, "I am thinking seriously of matrimony."

"I'm glad to hear it," replied the old man. "Most young fellows treat it as a joke."—Philadelphia Record.

"Really though, why is it that a girl always closes her eyes when a fellow 'Ensy. She's just told him he was the first one, and she's ashamed to look him in the face."—Jack O'Lantern.

"What excuse have you for not supporting your family?" asked the judge, in stentorian tones.

"I have to support a motor car," pleaded the culprit. And the judge, knowing how it was himself, gave him a dollar for some gasoline.

Not So Easy.
A Scottish prison chaplain, recently appointed, entered one of the cells on his first round of inspection and thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it.

"Well, my man, do you know who I am?"

"No, nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply.

"Well, I'm your new chaplain."

"O, ye are? Then I hae heard o' ye before."

"And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of dignity.

"Well, I heard that the last two kirks ye were in ye preached them bath empty; but I can say ye wilna find it quite as easy to do the same wi' this one."—Tit-Bits.

How War Hits Sugar.
Sir Thomas Lipton said at a provisioners' banquet in London:

"All the blame for high prices is put on us dealers. You'd think, the way some people talk, that we dealers were as false in our patriotism as the chap who was sending his sugar the other day with his errand boy's help."

The errand boy, lifting a scoopful of sand, asked:

"The usual proportion, sir?"

"No, Joseph, of course not," the boss replied sternly. "The usual proportion in days like these? Joseph, where's your patriotism?"

"Then he sighed and added: 'Only half the usual proportion of sand, Joseph—only half the usual proportion as long as our gallant troops at the front have such need of sand bags.'"

Curious Telegraph Lines.
The most original telegraph line in the world once extended from La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, to the neighboring town of Oruro, a distance of about 150 miles. There are no growing trees in this part of the world, and wood of any kind is so rare that the telegraph poles were made of the same material as the natives' household furniture—dried mud. The pillars were built on stone foundations and measured about five feet square at the base, with a tapering height of fifteen feet. They were placed about 200 feet apart. Another curious telegraph line was constructed in Uganda by a British engineer, who transported growing trees to the road side and used them as poles because he could not find any "dead" wood that would withstand the ravages of the white ants. In Dutch East India growing trees are also turned to account in this manner, but there a wire is stretched across the road between the trees on either side and the actual telegraph line suspended down the center.

BARBECUE AND BURGOO.
Often Confused, the Words Have Entirely Different Meanings.
Barbecue and burgoo are both words of American birth, but of foreign extraction.
Barbecue is a variation of West Indian-Spanish barbecue, a low framework on which meat or fishes are laid to be smoked. From the framework the word came to be applied to the article thus smoked or cooked. Strictly speaking, it applies only to an animal cooked entire, as a whole sheep or a whole ox, but it is not held strictly to that usage.
The modern barbecue is the cooking of meat on a large scale by roasting or broiling in such a way as to preserve its juices and flavor.
Burgoo is of English origin, coined by sailors to designate thick porridge or gruel, sometimes also called loblolly. American burgoo is a thick soup or stew composed of the fat and juices of a barbecued animal thickened with a variety of vegetables and highly seasoned.

It sometimes has been spelled burgo, under an impression that it is derived from the French, but that is a mistake.

There is no rule or recipe for making it except experience and a genius for making a savory and eatable compound. It may consist of fish, flesh and fowl, cereals, vegetables and anything that appeals to the appetite.—Indianapolis News.

APES OF GIBRALTAR.
They Are Highly Prized and Protected by the Authorities.

The rock of Gibraltar is the home of a highly prized and carefully protected tribe of Barbary apes. The chief of this tribe is one Major, and in Gibraltar there is a saying that it "were better to kill the governor than Major."

This band of apes numbers about twenty. They came, mysteriously enough, from Africa many years ago and claimed citizenship in Europe. They are duly protected by the authorities, and any addition by birth to their number is carefully chronicled and announced in the local paper.

These apes transfer their abode from time to time, according to the state of the weather, from the highest peaks of the rock to lower and more sheltered places. They indulge their sense of humor at times by throwing stones at the soldiers. They may not be seen for weeks at a time, save in the early morning hours.

A few years ago, on account of the diminishing numbers of these creatures, some apes were procured from Barbary and turned loose upon the rock, but the resident apes killed them all. Although so fierce to intruders of their own kind, they never attack human beings and are greatly esteemed.

The Human Lobster.
The lobster has always appealed to the Englishman as affording a nickname for his fellow Englishman. "Lobster" was a favorite term of abuse among the Elizabethans, though it is only conjectured that an allusion to red faces was conveyed. As signifying a soldier, "lobster" originated in the civil war, being applied to the Roundhead cuirassiers, as Charendon explains, "because of the bright iron shells with which they were covered." Afterward the allusion was transferred to the soldier's red uniform. But that was the "lobbed lobster." The "raw lobster" was naturally the man in blue, the policeman. In earlier days we find Grose explaining that "to boll one's lobster" meant for a clergyman to become a soldier.—London Chronicle.

New England Weather.
The late George M. Stearns of Chicago, Mass., spoke once at the dinner of the New England club of New York. Previous speakers had remarked concerning the different varieties of weather "down east." During his speech Mr. Stearns said:

"I note what you say about our remarkable New England weather, but, gentlemen, let me tell you that any man who lives here the first twenty years of his life builds up such a vigorous constitution that if he then contracts a fatal disease he can live twenty years longer on the byways."—Pittsburgh Press.

First Flying Machine.
The attempt on man's part to navigate the air is almost as old as civilization itself, but the first time in the history of the world that a power driven, heavier than air machine ever carried a man through the air was in December, 1903, when the Wright brothers made their ever famous flight at Kitty Hawk, N. C. That was the real beginning of the flying machine.—New York American.

First Woman Legends.
Heavenly nations have different legends as to the origin of woman. The Japanese believe that she grew on a tree, the Laplanders that she was once a rabbit, the Persians that she fell from the heavens and the Australian natives that she was once a teard.

No Sense.
Jones—So many people are struck by automobiles while alighting from trolley cars! Trolley Official—Well, yes, but those people have paid their fares; it's this running over people who are waiting to get on that gets our goat!—New York Globe.

No Sense of Proportion.
The young man who had spent his efforts for several years without result in studying art was talking with his practical uncle, who had patiently paid the bills.

"Of course," said the young artist, "I know I haven't made much of a go of it, but I don't think you ought to advise me to try something else. You know it's best to put all your eggs in one basket and watch that basket!"

"Um! That may be, Charlie; but did you ever think how foolish it is to put so many baskets around one basket egg?"

The Chesapeake Bay Dog.
The most remarkable characteristic of the Chesapeake is his retrieving. He has been developed for retrieving ducks, and naturally should be well fitted for that purpose. But it is my firm conviction that he would retrieve a horse if told to do so, bringing it to you in pieces if he couldn't boat it home. The one definite aim in breeding him has been to make the best possible retriever, and if ever a breeder's aim succeeded it has succeeded in this instance.
A Chesapeake will fetch anything on earth that is within his physical powers to move or handle. If you take him to the water and do not throw anything in for him to go after he will bring you oysters on his own account. He brings bricks and stones and clubs joyfully. Old Beaver, long a prize winner and now just about to leave us for the happy hunting ground, has worn his teeth down to stumps, like an old bear's teeth, carrying hard objects. Almost any Chesapeake will show the same condition of mouth.—Outing.

Men Who Wear Feathers.
Among the strange tribes of men about whom little is known are the Chamacocos of the region about the upper Paraguay river.

Although the Chamacocos wear but little clothing, they excel in the art of making personal adornments from the feathers of birds. Their country abounds with birds of the most beautiful plumage, including parrots, toucans and ticoons, whose feathers are dazzling in color; rheas with gray plumes, musk ducks of a glossy black color, egrets with feathers of pure white and spoonbills of a delicate pink line.

All this wealth of color and graceful plumage is combined by the Chamacocos in a most artistic manner. Some of these savages walk their forest glades in colors more brilliant, if less ample, than any woman's dressmaker could produce.—Washington Star.

Reconciled.
We observe that our friend has a bad cold in his head, and of course we tell him exactly how to cure it.

From his pocket he takes a large memorandum book and enters our prescription on one of the final pages thereof. Then he snaps a rubber band about the book, sneezes and smiles happily.

We observe to him that we are glad our instructions for a cure have made him so happy.

"It isn't that," he says. "Since I got this cold I have written down every sure cure recommended, and whenever the cold gets so bad I feel as though I couldn't stand it another day I read over all the cures and think how much better it is to have the cold than to endure all the remedies."—Judge.

Spring Flows on Holidays.
In a plenteous garden in the Passaic valley there is a spring that flows only on Sundays and holidays. It used to flow always, Robert E. Horton, in the proceedings of the Connecticut Society of Civil Engineers, explains this strange performance. When the great silk mills sprang up in the Passaic valley numerous artesian wells were bored into the red sandstone; pumps draw out so much water that it now normally stands below the level of the spring outlet, but on Sundays and holidays the pumps are not working, the water rises above the level of the spring, and this flows again.

Helping Uncle.
She came down to the drawing room to meet her special young man with a frown on her pretty face.

"John," she said, "father saw you this morning going into a pawnbroker's with a large bundle."

John flushed. Then he said in a low voice:

"Yes, that is true. I was taking the pawnbroker some of my old clothes. You see, he and his wife are frightfully hard up."

"Oh, John, forgive me!" exclaimed the young girl. "How truly noble you are!"—Exchange.

Expert Samcans.
The women of Samoa often fish in the sea without nets, boats or hooks. They simply wade into the water and form themselves into a ring. The fishes being so plentiful, they are almost sure to have imprisoned some in the ring. These women are very quick and active, and every time they catch a fish with their hands they simply throw it alive into the basket on their back.

Considerate.
"Have you ever done anything to make the world happier?" asked the solemn looking person with the unbarbered hair.

"Sure," answered the jolly man with the double chin. "I was once invited to sing in public and declined."

Out of the Mouths of Babies.
"My grandpa had a perplexity fit the other day," said small Dorothy.

"Perplexity fit?" echoed Edward.

"You mean a parallel stroke, don't you?"—Buffalo News.

Touched.
"I suppose you were touched when your wife gave you that fifty dollar baby chair for your den?"

"I was touched before she gave it."—Boston Transcript.

Jade of Burma.
The world's principal jade mine is in Burma, where the privilege of mining the stone has been in possession of one Indian tribe for many generations.

Small William—Father, kindly convey to my mind the meaning of the word "hobo." Paternal Ancestor—That is the consuetudinary designation of an indigent traveler, my son.—Judge.

Children Cry
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5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature.
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Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1915.

NOTES.

Reminiscences of Newport by Dr. Henry E. Turner, January, 1891. Manuscript in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. continued.

George Hall was an energetic and successful tanner and an esteemed citizen, whose estate, including his residence and tannery, was bounded by Broad, Collins and Tanner streets now known as West Broadway, some of his family still occupying his residence on Broad street.

Hon. Thomas G. Pitman, also a tanner, and brother-in-law of Mr. Hall, by marriage with his sister, was regarded as one of the leading citizens of the town. He, for many years, held the position of General Treasurer of the State with entire approval.

Hon. Henry Y. Cranston, a prominent member of the bar, was the father of Wm. H. Cranston, Esq., former Mayor of Newport and brother of Hon. Robert B. Cranston; both brothers having served in the House of Representatives of the United States, were men of mark.

Opposite Mr. Freeborn's store at the acute angle, formed by Broad & Spring streets was the estate of Mr. Edward Simmons, the grandfather of Mr. Weston Simmons and of Captain Edward S. Hammond, and Mr. Alvin Simmons, the late City Marshal, including his residence, his blacksmith's shop, and his hay scales, the latter a style of scales not now to be found probably in the world, certainly not in New England. But then, hardly a town as large as a village, was without one or more. As most of this generation has never seen one of these unique specimens of architecture, I will essay a description of it, hoping it may be intelligible. Imagine if you place a wooden tower, about ten feet square and from 20 to 30 feet high, generally, diminishing in size or tapering as a mechanic would say, as it ascends, but not necessarily without weather boards or paint, with a scale bar of iron projecting from its front gable, at the extremity of which hung an iron weight of fifty-six pounds between which weight and the building, by a system of chains and machinery, a load of hay or of some other commodity might be suspended; by means of hoisting machinery within the tower, the weight of the load, whatever it might be, being marked on the scale bar, by a pulse or peg, as it was called, as in the case of steel yards, then in very common use for weighing smaller weights. This primitive and clumsy contrivance has been entirely superseded by the platform scales, familiar to you all, in which the load, including the cart, is driven onto the platform on the same level as the street, dispensing with all hoisting or suspension, excepting an almost imperceptible raising of the platform.

I can imagine the curiosity with which would be witnessed, at this date, a ton and a half of hay, on a cart weighing another half ton, suspended by chains in the air; then, it was an every day spectacle. The heavy iron weight hanging at the end of the scale bar, over the street, was not unattended with possible risk, as I have reason to know, inasmuch as, on one occasion, when some workmen were weighing a load of hay for my father, in East Greenwich, the 55 lb. iron fell, striking the ground within an inch of my feet. The Simmons' hay scales disappeared about fifty years ago, after Mr. Simmons' death, when a pair of platform scales were placed in the same position, by his son, James Simmons, which have long ago disappeared.

The name of this neighborhood was as familiarly known to the citizen of Newport, as the Parade or the Long Wharf, and the boys who made that neighborhood noted, not to say notorious, from their rather wild and mischievous and rough methods in their periodical essay to paint the town red, were equally well and familiarly known, as the Hay scale gang, some of whose names I might recall, but I forbear, most of them having gone to their long account.

It is a matter of profound regret that these local names, preserving local associations, are allowed to die out, and forgotten, as is the case with the ancient and time honored name "The Hay scales."

A habit growing into use, I am sorry to say, almost without objection, is that of changing the names of old streets, and especially wharves, without motive, and merely to gratify the morbid aspirations of some individual. For instance, is there any thing disreputable or implying any reproach in the name "Tanner Street," or is there anything particularly euphonious or beautiful or romantically attractive in the name West Broadway? If there is, I, for one, fail to appreciate it.

In my early recollection, "Tanner Street" was most emphatically the appropriate name for that locality, and there is every reason to suppose that the tanning industry, which in early settlements is always large and of the utmost importance, was located alongside the brook which ran uncovered, on the East side of Tanner Street, and at the time I speak of there were eight or ten tanners and leather dressers, doing business on that street; and who will presume to say that tanning or leather dressing has anything derogatory in it, or that any avocation is more useful to the community or more praiseworthy in itself? At least, four of the men engaged in that business, at that time, who daily pulled off their coats, and wrought at their benches and beams, with their workmen, stood as high in the community, and gave their families as good a position as any other, and were among the wealthiest and most esteemed citizens of the Town.

(To be continued.)

Queries.

8407. BRAMAN—Can any one give me any information concerning the ancestry of John Braman, who was born April 4, 1765, at or near Kingston, R. I., and is supposed to have married Dorcas Steadman? I think him a son of John and Mary (Millard) Braman of West-erly, R. I., but would like proof.—E. S.

8408. SHEDDEN—Timothy Shedden, Jr., born Sitamachute Hill, Providence, R. I., March 1, 1689, died (where?) Dec. 3, 1741, married (where?) about 1710, Rebecca — born and died (when and where?). Wanted, full ancestry of Rebecca.—S. J.

8409. MUMFORD—Thomas Mumford, South Kingston, R. I., born (where?) 1656; died (where?) April 1726, married first (when and where?) Abigail — born 1670; died May 20, 1707. Wanted, name and ancestry of wife Abigail.—S. J.

8410. ROSS, CARD—Lois Ross married John Card, of Rhode Island. Can any one give particulars, parents, dates, etc.? No dates, obtainable except that John Card is son of John and Sarah (Collins) Card, and John Card, Sr., born in Rhode Island, is mentioned as buying land there in 1756, in Charleston, died in Tyngham, 1814; moved there 1794.—A. A.

8411. STAFFORD—Information wanted concerning the parentage and ancestry, with dates and references where possible, of Andrew Stafford and his wife Rachel of Richmond, R. I., who had the following children: Catharine, born July 21, 1775, and James, born Oct. 6, 1777. His name does not appear in the Rhode Island Census for 1790, but the same name shows in the census for New London County for that year, and in Colchester, Conn., for 1800. Should like to know if they are one and the same person. What became of the children?—L. H.

8412. BASS—Rev. John Bass, M. D., born 1717, died 1762, great grandson of John Bass and Ruth Alden, was minister of the church in Ashford, Conn., from — to 1762, and was minister of the church in Providence, R. I., from 1762 to 1768. He then retired as a minister and practiced as a doctor until his death in 1762. From early Connecticut marriages Nov. 24, 1742, in Thompson, Conn., Rev. John Bass of Ashford and Mrs. Mary Dantelson, widow of James Dantelson of Killingly, Conn.; May 19, 1761, in Lebanon, Conn., John Bass and Mary Pain. Was this the Rev. John's second marriage? Did he leave any children? If so, what were their names and when and where were they born?—L. H.

At a military camp in New York state a few years ago, a guard inspector, while going his rounds, approached a German sentry, who simply looked at him and marched on. "Well," queried the inspector, intending to remind the man of his duty. "Vell, vell; Vot is it?" "Don't you want the countersign?" "No, dot's all right. Der feller in der guard's tent gift it to me. I got it."—Boston Transcript.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of Martha R. Chase. THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Martha R. Chase, Widow, late of the Town of Middletown, R. I., deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the said Town of Middletown, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the Office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Executor.

Middletown, R. I., Dec. 25, 1915.—47

The National Exchange Bank.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

A Semi-Annual Dividend at rate of 3 per cent. per annum has been declared payable to the stockholders on or before January 1, 1916.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

12-25-37

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders of the National Exchange Bank will be held Tuesday, January 11, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and for such other business that may lawfully come before the meeting.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

12-13

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., December 6, 1915.

Estate of Fannie E. Rose.

Request in writing is made by Matilda Rose of New Shoreham the mother and heir-at-law of Fannie E. Rose late of said New Shoreham deceased intestate, that Edward S. Payne of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 31 day of January, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

12-11-37

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., December 6th, 1915.

Estate of Haley C. Littlefield.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Haley C. Littlefield, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the 31 day of January, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

12-11-37

"Meet me at Barney's"

Take
some of the
money you had
for Christmas
and buy a
VICTROLA
BARNEY'S
Music Store.

140 Thames Street

A Busy Time For You

Belated shipments brought to us this week some of the choicest of our Xmas selections made early in the Fall. There's a happy day's shopping awaiting you here for the new things have been made to suffer a sacrifice price which has reached out over the whole of our Xmas stock, for it must be gone when Santa takes his leave.

Gift Prices on Gem Gift Thoughts

FOR MOTHER

AND
The House Girls

Hand painted and embroidered luncheon sets—center piece and 12 individual dollies.

\$1.50 and \$2

45 inch Cluny Table Covers with embroidered center.

\$1.40

8 inch Pie Dishes set in plated frames

\$1.35

8 inch round Casseroles.

\$1.65

Large Oval Casseroles.

\$3.00

Plated Baking Dishes with double covers.

\$4.50

Chafing Dishes.

\$4.50

GIFT FURNITURE

Handsome Mahogany Tea Tables.

\$12.60

Quaint Mahogany Sewing Tables.

\$12.50

Solid Mahogany Magazine Racks.

\$5.90

Solid Mahogany Book Troughs.

\$6.50

Solid Mahogany Crusto Stands.

\$5.00

Solid Mahogany Top Tables with inlaid center.

\$8.25

Solid Mahogany Parlor Tables.

\$7.50

Leather Topped Foot Rests.

\$3.00

Solid Mahogany Flow Lamps with silk shades.

\$15.00

Dainty Gold Reception Chairs.

\$7.50

Solid Mahogany Rocking Chairs.

15.00

Big Comfy Easy Chairs in figured tapestry.

13.50

Handsome Morris Chairs with cushions.

10.50

Big Mission Rockers with real Spanish leather spring seats.

9.00

Ladies' Desks in Solid Mahogany.

15.00

Princess Dresser in Mahogany and Birds-eye maple.

18.00

Handsome Brass Beds.

From 16.50

Half Circle China Cabinets.

10.00

The Titus Gift Shop.

The Savings Bank of Newport, R. I.

DIVIDEND DAY

January 15, 1916

Money deposited on or before
Saturday, January 15th, 1916, com-
mences to draw interest on that day.

G. P. TAYLOR,

Treasurer.

The Aetna Life Insurance Company

IS PAYING ANNUALLY OVER

FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS

TO POLICY HOLDERS

DAVID J. WHITE, Manager,

1005 Turks Head Building,

Providence, R. I.

MACKENZIE & WINSLOW, Inc.

Successors to H. L. Marsh & Co.

Hay, Grain, Feed, Salt and Poultry Supplies.

ELEVATOR, MARSH STREET,

STORE, 162 BROADWAY

Telephone, Elevator, 1906

Store, 1905

Over the Heads of the Crowd

Let the telephone help you do your Christmas shopping. Order the merchandise you have seen displayed or advertised BY TELEPHONE. The busy stores are equipped to receive your orders and inquiries quickly and courteously BY TELEPHONE.

Providence
Telephone Co.

Contract Dept.

142 Spring Street

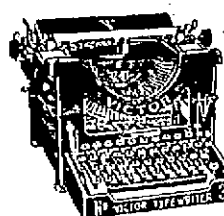
Newport 6000

Wigg—Maud says she doesn't eat enough to keep a bird alive.

Wagg—She did, eh? Well, I had her out to supper last night, and she ate—say, maybe she meant an ostrich—Philadelphia Record.

"And are the divorce laws so very liberal in your section?"

"Liberal! Say! They are so liberal that nobody ever heard of a woman crying at a wedding out there."—Detroit Journal.

Some of the
Big Features

THAT MAKE THE

VICTOR

THE

MASTER

TYPEWRITER

1st. One-inch, double-bearing, double-wearing type-bars that insure perfect and permanent alignment.

2nd. A ribbon system that cuts ribbon expense in half and eliminates ribbon troubles.

3rd. The simplest inbuilt decimal tabulator with no extra cost.

4th. Removable and interchangeable platen mechanism.

5th. Improved variable line spacer with locking device.

6th. The speediest and most durable escapement.

VICTOR TYPEWRITER CO.

812 Greenwich St., New York.
Shawmut Bank Bldg., Boston.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, December 11th, 1915. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of Hannah Sullivan, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the Office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN.

TOWN OF NEW SHOREHAM.

Notice of Application
FOR
Liquor License.

AT THE TOWN COUNCIL of the town of New Shoreham, R. I., 1915, application was made for license to sell pure, spirituous, malted and fermented liquors, at retail only by the following named persons:

WINDFELD S. DODGE, easterly side of Beach Road near the "Old Pier."

FRANCIS GAVIN, at the New Harbor Pavilion.

The Town Council of said New Shoreham will be in session at the Town Hall in said town on Monday, the 31 day of January, A. D. 1916, at 3 o'clock p. m., at which time and place persons objecting to the granting of the above application may be heard. All remonstrances must be filed on or before the time of hearing.

By order of the Town Council of New Shoreham.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

12-11-37

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., December 6, 1915.

Estate of William H. Johnson.

REQUEST in writing is made by Mary Payne of New Shoreham one of the creditors of William H. Johnson late of said New Shoreham deceased intestate, that Edward S. Payne of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 31 day of January, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

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